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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1672.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MAY 28, 1884.

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THE MEETING-PLACE.

[The ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.] (Is. lxxv: 10.)

Where the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen nevermore to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten nevermore to shade;
Where the sun blaze never scorches,
Where the star shines cease to chill;
Where no tempest wakes the echoes
Of the wood or wave or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the best.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken;
Where the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed,
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done.
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the best.

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted life rebooms;
Where the smitten heart freshens
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, and evermore—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the best.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I have been impressed with the boldness and sublimity of faith in the missionary who comes to this ancient land where Christ and the apostles lived. As I have wandered over it from place to place, I have seen the signs of the readiness of religions to spring up here, but not of their power to endure as living and transforming faiths.

I have seen the sites of the fiery worship of Moloch deserted and desolate, with not a vestige to mark them. I have gazed upon the high places of Baal, and found the once prolific worship overthrown, and the very stones of the altars crumbled into dust and no longer recognizable. I have wandered through the ruins of the temple of the Sun in Baalbec, grand, ornate, composite in the grouping of architectural ideas, like the grouping of faiths and nationalities, which its builders in that age hoped to propitiate, and its Corinthian columns, with disproportionate swell in the middle, and departure from the correct laws of taste; in this respect, this also is a sign of the corruption of the period, without any one to tread reverently its courts. I have admired the severer and more massive and grander remains of the temple of Jupiter close by—the work of the Romans, and a fit symbol of the might and organizing skill of the ancient Roman civilization, and found no one in the land who recognizes Jupiter or honors him. I have seen the temples and churches erected by the followers of Christ occupied by formalists and those who have lost their hold on the spirit of their Master and are wandering in the darkness and the mazes of superstition. I have seen these nominal Christians over-run and crushed by the hordes who accept a faith that supplies no stimulus to progress in industrial life, social order or individual manhood, but lies as an incubus, stifling the natural life and capabilities of the whole land.

What hope can there be here, I have said to myself, for the modern missionary to venture in—the man who comes with a book under his arm, the man who comes alone, without a sword, without a national escort, without any special worldly influence or power, and plants his feet among these graves of dead religions, or tombs in which shackled, demoniac religions live, or the sepulchres in which exhausted Christian faiths are buried alive? Surely it requires some strong courage and strength of faith for him to make the attempt to plant the true cross again in this land.

But the answer came. The modern missionary of the cross believes in the living God and knows him. He believes in his Son who has redeemed the world by his mission, his life and death, here on earth. He believes in the purpose of God to save this world by building up his kingdom in it till "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." And he believes in Christ and knows him, and his heart touches Christ's heart, and Christ has told him to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and has said to him, "And, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Led in this way by the known purpose of God, and the command and promise and presence of Christ himself, his own Saviour, he plants his feet again in this land of dead or effete religions, and has courage and hope. His head rises up

among the eternal things of God, and turns not back for obstacles. He knows he is on the finally conquering side. He knows this land is to be brought back to Christ, and knows not but the time for this has come now.

So he comes with the Bible and a pure, simple, Christian faith, but he knows that wherever he lodges this in any human soul, there he lodges the spring and spur of progress. The mind is quickened, ambition aroused, character ennobled, hope stirred; and the industries and bloom of civilization burst forth. Accordingly, I am not surprised to find all over this land, by a little inspection and close observation, overlooked by careless travelers, that there are already here the signs of a springing and hopeful Christianity. There are Christian schools and churches and medical dispensaries in Jaffa, Acro, Gaza, Sidon, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nablous, Nazareth, in the Hauran among the Bedouins, on Mount Hermon among the Druses, in Baalbec, and in Beirut, and ranging out thence all over the surrounding regions of Syria. Mount Lebanon is aflame already, to the eye of faith, with these candles of the Lord, though they may be carried, like Gideon's lamps, in pitchers, for the present. Why, when I was standing among the ruins of Baalbec, a man, a native, addressed me in good English, and, in reply to my question, informed me that he learned English in the American mission school at Beirut, and was now in Baalbec assisting in a Christian school, and he informed me that there are twenty-five Christian schools in the valley of Cede-Syria alone, and more than 1,500 boys and girls are enrolled in the Christian schools of Syria. There are some forty such schools in the Mount Lebanon range alone, the direct outgrowth of the work in Beirut. Many of the schools, like the one under the direction of Miss Arnot at Jaffa, and of Miss Dixon at Nazareth, and Mr. Carey at Nablous, have grown up around the personality of one individual who has a genius for such work, and are supported by private contributions of friends in other lands.

Single individuals, also, are at work, with their faces towards Jerusalem. When we were lying in the harbor at Port Said for several hours, a Bible agent, Andrew Weinstein, who said he had become interested in Christianity in San Francisco, a converted Jew and a believer in the restoration of Palestine to the Israelites, came on board, and sold Bibles and gave away tracts—casting bread upon the waters.

It would not be telling all the truth if I were not to add that parties are active whose influence is of a more questionable character. While at the same port, a sister of the Catholic Orphanage in that place came and approached us, as we were busy writing, and asked us in French if we spoke French. We told her no, only English. She then addressed us in good English, begging pardon for interrupting us, and stating that it was a part of her mission to call on travelers at that thoroughfare and solicit aid for the Catholic Orphanage. "It is very needy. It gathers a great many helpless orphans from all that region, and educates them." "We have schools of that sort which we know about, and where we can do all we feel like doing." "I do not wish to direct any gifts from other good institutions; you can surely do something for both." "Our means of giving are limited, and the objects of charity to which we are specially committed have need of all we can give." "This charity is broad. It takes the children of all classes, and does not ask what is their religion or their race." "We have nothing to donate in this way." "Your Commodore Dickinson made a handsome subscription, and I do not expect gold; I take silver and copper as well." "We are sorry to disappoint you, but must decline." "You are making a pilgrimage to the birthplace and the tomb of our Lord; you expect to acquire merit in that way; can you not add to this merit by making a very small donation to Christ's little ones here?" "No, we do not expect to acquire merit by our visit, and must decline." With perfect gentleness, grace, and a bright, smiling face, she invited us to come ashore, visit the orphanage and see the work they were doing, and then withdrew.

At Damascus another sister, representing a similar institution, came to us one day, as we were sitting at dinner, and asked if any one present spoke French. Our conductor replied in the affirmative. She presented her case. It was, in short, that we should buy tickets in a lottery for the benefit of charity. All declined. She argued the case still, and, when finally compelled to give up in despair, she asked, sadly: "Will this company allow me to go away without a single para [about one-tenth of a cent] for Christ's poor?"

So the conflicting forces are on the field, and it is a time for Christ's people to do their best. I. E. DWINELL.

Beirut, April 22d.

Twenty-eight young men graduated from the Hastings Law College in this city Monday night. The exercises were held in Platt's Hall. President Reid of the University presenting the diploma.

THE FIRST MUTTERINGS OF THE REBELLION.

BY HAYES C. FRENCH, M. D.

[Read before George H. Thomas Post, No. 2, G. A. R.]

The popular tendency is to date the *casus belli* which necessitated the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic no farther back than the firing upon Fort Sumter in 1860. But during a full decade preceding that overt act of war, silently, and in many cases so secretly that the general public had not the least conception of its existence, the skirmish line was forming all along the southern shore of Lake Erie, from Buffalo to Detroit, and from Detroit to the upper lakes. Like Gideon's band, every soldier of this "Under-ground Railroad" army was an officer. The name was not calculated to inspire heroic deeds and martial enthusiasm, having been contemptuously bestowed upon its owners by their enemies. In obedience to their own consciences and the highest dictates of humanity, it became their duty, secretly and beneath the protecting shades of night, to resist a law which was a standing menace to the life of the Republic, and an infamous blot upon the statutes of the nation. I need not name it; the odium of the fugitive slave law will tarnish our history forever. God and the noble men and women who jeopardized their lives and property and social standing in aid of these hunted fugitives only know. How many hundreds of immortal beings, panting for liberty in this free land, under the stars and stripes, finding no savior in the bowed goddess of our boasted liberty, sought the shores of monarchy for the breath of freedom!

The "Fugitive Slave Law," forced upon our people by the proxies of the very men whose bondage it sought to perpetuate, was a yoke so galling, so repulsive to the genius of our free institutions, that it found, especially on the so-called "Western Reserve" of north-eastern Ohio, opponents ready to stake their lives in opposition to its diabolical exactions.

In 1858, while a student at Oberlin College, that hated custodian, not only of their liberties, but of the moral and intellectual development of the oppressed African race, your speaker had the honor to take an active part in what will go down to history as the "Oberlin and Wellington Rescue Case."

In the spring of 1858 there appeared in Oberlin a half-dozen war-like and ostentatiously-armed "Kentucky Obols," who, while claiming to be acting under the authority of the fugitive slave law, sought the services of a sad rejoicing in the classical name of Shakespeare B—, to decoy to a potato patch about four miles from town a negro, John, who had bought his own freedom, and possessed as strong papers as it was possible for a free government to bestow upon its slaves, but who felt that his papers would be more effective amid a people who had some regard for the sacredness of personal liberty.

At the rendezvous the Obols met the young Judas, and, receiving his victim, hurried him towards Wellington, the nearest station of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati railroad, and located about eight miles south of Oberlin. The captive was taken about 8 o'clock in the morning, but not so early but that the whole town was alive before they were two miles away, and twenty or thirty wagons, laden with rescuers, were en route for Wellington in time to intercept the 9 o'clock train for Cincinnati, on which the kidnappers hoped to escape with their unlikely prey. Our first recitation was at 8 o'clock, and, as we came to the college campus we were met by the kindly but firm and anxious face of Principal Fairchild (now President of Berea College, Kentucky), who made to us the astounding announcement that there would be no recitation that morning, but that as many as felt so inclined could take wagons and busses waiting on the Wellington road, to carry all desiring to participate to the seat of war for human liberty.

We stood not on the order of our going, and ten minutes later Sevy's dry-goods establishment might reasonably have been taken for a second-hand book store, from the heterogeneous collection of Greek and Latin grammars, mathematical and scientific books in all states of preservation, from new to coverless, that were showered upon, and under his counter, at the command of "fall in" from our Reverend Captain. Our Jesus were not lacking in the anxious spirit that had spoiled the breakfast of half the town, but started us for the front on a dead run, only stopping at three or four houses on the way for the purpose of securing firearms. In our hunt for munitions we came upon a veteran of the Mexican war, who loaded us down with an old United States musket and a double-barrelled shotgun, and as he thrust the arsenal upon us he handed out the powder flask also, vehemently ejaculating, "Prime her, boys! prime her! and don't you let 'em get away with that there boy." He never asked our names or seemed in the least concerned about the return of his property. We reached Wellington in time to see the morning express, on which the kidnappers hoped to bear a freed man back to bondage,

rattling south without the captive or his captors. Surrounding the only hotel in the town was a rapidly augmenting crowd—1,500 or more, already, strong—watching intently a small attic window in the beleaguered house, at which, from time to time, the pale face of the spokesman of the Kentuckians appeared, protesting that John desired to return to the exhilarating privileges of his former bondage. This the crowd derided, and challenged them to allow John to take a position midway between the besieged and the besiegers, and chose for himself the party in whose hands he would trust his life. They objected, but proposed to prove by John's own words that he chose bondage rather than freedom; but the poor fellow presented the mien of a chicken-thief, as he stood irresolute, with (we afterward learned) cocked pistols pointed at him in the rear, reinforced by admonitions, and emphasized by adjectives that they do not use in church, and threats that made his kinky hairs stand straight. This was his stimulus to oratory, from behind, and before him stood his real friend, a howling mob, unrecognizable in the restless frenzy of their indignation. Though he afterward confessed that physical fear prompted him to speak the lie dictated at the rear, and enforced by some horrible imprecations, there was something in the upturned faces before him that paralyzed his speech, and he stood mute as a statue till rescued by his friends.

Walking the veranda, pistol in hand, was the proprietor of the hotel, one of those fire-in-the-rear patriots, who a few years later made themselves known to our comrades through venom generated under the protecting folds of the flag they hated. He was reinforced by a dozen or more boon companions, all well embellished with ruby noses, the product of copious draughts of the landlord's "Kentucky sustenance." This brave man swore by General Jackson that he would shoot the first Oberlinite who dared to cross his threshold.

After a hurried conference, whose chief deliberations were conducted by professors and theological students, it was determined to advance upon the works at once. To not only rescue John, but to do it promptly, and in good Western Reserve style, that would give the Kentuckians respect for our prowess, if they had no particular love for our principles. A little theolog named

(Concluded on 8th page.)

THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
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The monthly meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the First Congregational church, Oakland, on Wednesday, June 4th, at 2 P. M.; meeting of the Executive Committee at 1 P. M.

Layah Barakat.

WEDNESDAY, April 9th.

Tuesday I chanced into the meeting of the Presbyterian Women's Foreign Missionary Society—not that I knew very much about it, but because I am interested in all assemblages of women where deliberative action is in order. It has been a source of interest to me for years to trace the upward progress of women in work of this kind. It is a delight to me to see the dignified presiding officer; to note her rulings; to hear even the proxy details given so efficiently; to see gentle Christian womanhood lifting itself so strongly, so modestly from obscurity, unconscious of the power that is in every act—so absorbed are they in the spirit of their cause. Greater force do these women wield in caring for the peaceable fruits of righteousness than is found in the harangues, denunciations, and resolutions of would-be suffragists the world over. While the Women's Rights crowd make the noise, these working women propel the car of Liberty, hastening the day when right, not might, will be the watchword of our country; when conscience, not expediency, our rule.

I have been reading, lately, of a beautiful and highly educated Syrian woman, whose eloquence as a public speaker is rousing enthusiasm in Eastern cities of America. And, at the close of this missionary meeting, there came upon the platform a little lady, dressed prettily in black, with a dark little bonnet on her head, and her small, bare hand holding a handkerchief carelessly, as she glanced around at the church full of people. One look into the soft dark eyes of Layah Barakat drew every woman's heart to the stranger before she had spoken a word. Her voice is music itself; her pronunciation nearly perfect, with a soft accent, that makes our English words almost beautiful. Her construction of sentences is faulty, and her tones are mixed, but that scarcely detracts from the quaint

beauty of her language, while the simplicity and earnestness of her manner carry wonderful power. She speaks off-hand, rapidly, never pausing for a word. Her quotation: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee after many days," was followed by a picture of the sowing of the rice upon the waters of the Nile, its disappearance, its growth, its abundant harvests. Perhaps I can give, briefly, some incidents of her life, so romantic and tragic in its past, but I can never hope to give a conception of the dramatic force and simplicity with which she told it. She was born near Mount Lebanon, in that beautiful country which all Bible readers love. Her father was massacred; her mother lived in one poor apartment with her six children—they were very poor. An American lady taught a little sewing school, to which she was permitted to go. They were to sew quilt pieces, and there was a present promised to the one who did the best work. "I sewed the best, and Mrs. Burt told me to come to the mission-house and get my present. When I got there it looked so different, and my shoes were old and dirty, so I took them off and went in with bare feet. Mrs. Burt asked me did I have no shoes, and then I told her my shoes were old and not fit, so she gave me my present, which was a white veil, such as all Eastern ladies wear. Then she asked me if I would come to Sunday-school. I said I could not. Then she asked me would I come if she would give me a new shoes. I want a new shoes, and I didn't want to come, so I told her if she give me a new shoes I come one time. So she give me the shoes, and I go home and tell my mother I promised to go one time. So then I go because I promised, and I was ashamed, but Mrs. Burt led me into the church, and the music was so beautiful, and the words that they read my ears went out to hear. They gave me a card with a verse on it, and asked me would I come next Sunday, and I say I would come, and my mother say I might go one more time if I would tell her everything that was said; so I promised, and I go again, and then I want to go all the time, and then after awhile they could not keep me away." Her account of her being forbidden to go to church, and how, as she carried water in a jar on her shoulder, after the manner of Syrian women, she would pause with her water-jar on her shoulder beside the church, hearing the words secretly in this way, was very touching. At last her uncle was sent for, and he took her with him to another city, and kept her locked in her room. He said he would get a husband for her, and then she would be compelled to obey her husband, and stay at home. The day that she would have been married she escaped from her uncle's and ran up and down the streets shaking and crying, and trying to find a missionary's house. An old man directed her to one, and the missionary said she should stay there, and no one should get her. So the wedding feast was all ready and the bridegroom, but there was no bride. At that time she was twelve years old. Her one desire was to learn, to go to school, and all she would say, was to "trust God."

"After awhile he came and say, Layah, you can go to school if you want to?" I say "I have no money." He tell me some little children in America will pay the money for me to go to school. I say, how do them little children know about me, and then I say, how I want to see them little children in America—and I pray all the time for them little children, and was hopin' to meet them some time in heaven."

She became learned in the Arabic tongue. I have seen it stated that she is a most brilliant and phenomenal scholar, and was sent as a teacher into a Protestant school in Egypt, on the Upper Nile. Her description of the slave caravans from Central Africa was very vivid. The long lines of women on their desert march, driven like sheep; each cheek cut in three gashes, the mark of slavery. They are bought and put into cellar kitchens of the native houses, never seeing the light again, as long as they live.

While teaching in this great school on the Nile, she was married to a native of Damascus, a scholar and a Christian. Their little daughter was born during their residence in Egypt. They had gone for her health to the cooler climate of Alexandria, for a little stay during the hottest weather. The day after their arrival the dreadful cry of "Nazarenes" was heard in the streets. They saw Christians put to the sword, children dashed to pieces, men beheaded by the wild army of infuriated Mohammedans. The little family sat for three days in their barricaded room, waiting to be found and killed. Their food gave out. The little child was crying of hunger. Then the husband and wife said farewell, scarcely expecting to meet again. He fled in one direction; then she veiled herself after the manner of Mohammedan women, took her baby under her arm, as they carry their children, and by means of this disguise, and may be because they were strangers in Alexandria, they went safely through the streets, and met on the sea-shore, embarked in a vessel for Malta, and as they left, saw the city in flames behind them. They were carried as refugees, from Malta to France.

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While there a ship was to sail for Philadelphia. That brought to mind the meeting of an American gentleman in Egypt years before, who had given them his card, and told them, if they ever came to America, to hunt him up. The card was lost, but it had contained the words, Dr. Dennis, Chestnut street, Philadelphia. He was the only one whom they knew in the world outside of their own stricken home and country. They had barely money enough for steamer fare to America when they fled. Not knowing what "st." stood for, or what Chestnut meant, they, on arrival inquired for Dr. Dennis, Chestnut street, but no one knew. A crowd followed after them as they wandered up and down the streets, hungry, in native dress, just from a two weeks in the steerage of the Indiana. The children on the street shouted "gypsies," and she thought they meant Egyptians, and knew they were from Egypt. A policeman took them in charge, and looking in a big book at a drug store, explained that it was Dr. Dennis, of Chestnut street, West Philadelphia, whom they wanted. He put them in a street car, when the terrified little woman thought that the man at the door with the great revolver intended to shoot her because she was from Egypt when he came to her for fare, and was relieved to find the weapon was only a punch. She had been so shaken and terrified in the massacre, that she feared every one. Arrived at the door of the one they sought, a girl told them he was not in town. "We will wait at the door until his return." He would not be home for several days. The refugee calling for paper, wrote on it her name, "Layah Barakat," and gave it to the girl, asking her to say, when Dr. Dennis returned, that they were in the city, strangers. On their retracing their way to the custom-house, penniless, sick and tired, the faith of the homesick Syrian gave way. She sat on a door-step and wept, her little daughter joining its sobs to hers, but the husband said: "My Layah, do not be discouraged. The God who preserved the Israelites forty years in the wilderness, will not desert us now." Just then a maid came, running after them. "Are you Layah?" she said, excitedly.

"I saw the name Layah on the card, and there was a heathen girl named Layah that our Sunday-school educated, and so I ran after you." The maid took them to a place near by, where a son of Dr. Dennis lived. There they were kindly welcomed, fed and bathed, new clothing pressed upon them, and were allowed to rest in security; and the next Sabbath the little Layah stood before the little children in America, in that Sunday-school which had educated her, and thanked God for that kindness and the Providence that had led her so strangely, scarcely ten years after, to the threshold of the very church to which she owed so much.

The fervor of the speaker, when she urged the ladies not to be discouraged in their foreign mission work, and said in a tragic simplicity that thrilled each heart, "Oh, if the sixty years of mission work in Syria saved only Layah, is not that something? Oh, friends, I come to prove to you that that verse is the truth, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall find it after many days.'"

She said that during the flood lately, she was engaged to speak in Pennsylvania, and the water detained the train. She asked the conductor if she could not in any way reach the town by 8 o'clock; that they were expecting her to speak and would be waiting. A lady in the car asked her what she was going to lecture about. She said, "Foreign Missions." The lady answered that she did not believe in foreign missions, and Layah said: "Are you not a Christian?" "Not a professing Christian," the woman replied. "Oh, then, you are a heathen?" The lady resented this. "Is there, then, another way?" said the little woman. "I only know two—either for him or against him." Then she told her story, while the train lay in the waters of the flood, what the foreign missions had done for her. The woman said: "I will be on his side from this time. I will go to work. You have converted me." And when they parted it was with tears and embraces, and a hope that they would meet above. How strange it seems that the little heathen should come to a Christian land to convert the heathen that are now in our midst, and it must have come to those professing Christians at the meeting with much force, when the collection was taken to try and make up the deficit for foreign work, that she who a few years ago was a barefooted girl in the Syrian mountains, now a cultivated woman, should join the subscription for the work in foreign lands.

Layah Barakat is a young woman, not much over twenty; with her intense nature, her firmness, her piety her intellect, a great career lies before her. She soon returns across the water, and thousands in America will watch her future with loving eyes. The dark-eyed girl from the mountains of Lebanon will carry away the heart of every American woman who has heard her sweet voice and her simple story of the power of God and the leadings of his providence.—[E. H., in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Literary and Educational

"Father O'Connor's Letters to Cardinal McCloskey," Fourth Edition, Tenth Thousand. The "Letters" in this volume, the author says in the preface to this edition, contain the chief points of the sermons and lectures he has delivered in the Reformed Catholic Church in New York for the last five years. He gives in them an outline of his life as a Roman Catholic priest in Chicago for eight years, the evangelical way of salvation for all who desire to worship God in spirit and in truth, and a thorough exposition of the false doctrines of the Roman Church. Many Roman Catholics have been enlightened by them, and they are good for all Protestants to read. Published by James A. O'Connor at the "Converted Catholic," Office, No. 60 Bible House, New York. Price, paper covers, 35 cents.

RECEIVED.—The *Homiletic Monthly* for May, 1884. See H. W. Beecher's more moderate and more respectful statement of his evolution lecture. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York. \$2.50 a year. "Please Read" is a pamphlet for the citizens of San Francisco to read and after reading to reflect, and after reflecting to act.—The *Book Buyer* for May, 50 cents a year. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

NOTES.—We note that Prof. Shedd's "Sermons to the Spiritual Man" are out. Dr. Shedd has the courage of his convictions.—"Langis Commentary" is complete in twenty-five volumes, and has been reduced from \$5 to \$3 a volume.—"Sanctity and Other Sermons" is from the pen of the late Ferdinand C. Ewer.

From Hints on Preaching.

BY S. B. CAPEN, ESQ.

The average man knows now the difference between wheat and chaff, and when he is convinced that a man has the one purpose, only to save his soul, that man has gained a great vantage ground in winning him for Christ. Such a man can be bold, and men will respect him for it. I remember, in a great religious interest, a worldly man, who was very intelligent, said to me: "Mr. Capen, preaches so plain that he makes men angry sometimes, but they come back the next night to hear him again." His very boldness made him attractive, and drew men towards him. Men want no diluted rose-water religion. They want something that is positive and real. You can preach anything, if it is only spoken in love, as from Calvary and not from Sinai. Being God's truth, and not your guess, it shall not fail of its mission. A man that has no backbone ought never to be a minister. "You can provide an unfortunate with false teeth, a false eye, an artificial palate, a wig, a stuffed arm, or a cork leg, but if he has no backbone you can never get one into him." That same keenness of judgment leads them to see very quickly the difference between that which is essential and that which is not. I think ministers would not have felt complimented to have heard the criticisms which have been made upon the profligate discussion of the past year or two. How often have I heard these words: "Oh, stop this talk about what is not revealed, and go to work to save men that are dying." At the beat it was a question concerning "heathen, idiots and insane," and the pews have felt that they certainly did not belong to either of these classes. It does not touch us. It is not practical for our need, and whatever is not practical in this busy age is a failure. The age for the dreamer and the speculator in religious truth is passed. A famous preacher tells us that he thought he must preach some sermons in answer to Tyndall. "Others were answering him, and I thought I must take my chance at him, that I must launch a polished shaft at him. And I did, not one but many. Coming out of the house one day after one of those sermons, a big-bodied, big-hearted man met me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said: 'We don't care a continental about that man. Preach Christ crucified, and we shall like it better.' I asked his forgiveness, and since then I have delivered all the sermons to the special care of Jehovah."

Do not many of our ministers need more singleness of purpose? Do not many "spend their money," or their time, which is the same thing, "for that which is not bread"? It is the age of the specialist. The old-fashioned carpenter who made all parts of a house is a man of the past. His trade is subdivided, and we have the sash-maker and the blind-maker and the door-maker and the floor-layer, etc.—every man for his part. So in medicine; your family physician does not now extract your teeth. You have your oculist and your aurist, etc. The same principle is in all mercantile pursuits. A man, to do anything in this world worth the doing, must put his energy all in at one point. How much time did Paul spend at Athens studying art? I received a letter about two years ago from one of the ablest preachers in this country, who told me, in answer to an invitation I gave him, that he had made up his mind to put more of his time into his pulpit works, and abandon that which was outside. A conversation which I had recently with one of his intimate friends shows that he has kept steadily to his purpose. As a result, he has a morning congregation of fifteen hundred people, and an evening one of different persons, but just as large, and it is because they get something that they go. The lawyer that tries to rise in the world by being a life-insurance agent and a leaser of real estate will be outstripped, in the long run, by the classmate who masters his own profession. "Stick to your business," said Rothschild; "stick to your brewery, and you

may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer and a baker and a merchant and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. I once heard one of the ablest ministers of our day say that he found the morning newspaper one of the most dangerous things for him. He did not allow himself to look at it till he had done several hours of honest labor in his study. Paul's motto is not yet antiquated: "This one thing I do." It is all you ought to try to do.

Will you allow me to say that there is quite a prevalent idea that many of the pulpits would have more power if the preachers had more method. I have known cases where men wasted their time the first of the week, to be driven at the end almost to distraction, sometimes way into Sabbath morning, in getting through their preparations. Such shiftlessness would ruin any modern business. One of our most popular preachers once told me that he was always very careful to get started early, to lay out his work, and get to a certain point by the middle of the week, and then he knew he was all right. My wife can pack twice as much into a trunk as I can, for she knows how to economize the space better. The man that methodically and systematically economizes his time can pack twice as much work into a year. One of the ministers that I know best, and who does grand work in all directions, owes much of his success to his method. Why could Garfield, at a few hours' notice, make an exhaustive speech on almost any theme? Carefully accumulating material, methodically arranging it by subject, he was always the master of any occasion. The work of the ministry is too noble to be injured by carelessness. The same precision and method which is needed in every mercantile business ought to be yours.

A minister, to succeed, must be a cheerful man. I know at least two able men whose ministries in this vicinity have failed largely at this point. I know two others, no abler, perhaps, who, by their sweet, sunny, cheerful spirit, have drawn men towards them. It has been my privilege to have as guests a great many ministers. I always get as many as I can, for they always bring a blessing. We did have one with us some years ago whose presence, one of the younger members of the family said, "was as good as a funeral." I am not pleading for frivolity; that is unworthy the minister of the gospel. But when a man is so out of sympathy with the young, and the bright all about him, that whenever you see his white necktie coming round the corner you are reminded of the dyspepsia—when he gives a fair occasion for the jest that "the world has three classes in it, men, women and ministers"—then he is making a mistake. Those who have made the most impression upon your life and mine have been the sunny, joyous Christians. When they crossed the threshold of your door it was like letting in a ray of sunlight. Did the man whose presence in the prayer-meeting was like an iceberg, and whose coming to your house made you shudder as though you had struck a northeast fog, do you any good?

I felt anew the force of this truth a few months since, hearing, on one Sabbath, a glorious sermon showing the progress of Christ's cause, and sending every listener back to his life-work with new courage and hope; and then, on the following Sabbath, hearing the wail of another minister, which would help to paralyze every Christian heart, and prevent those who were not Christians from joining a "lost cause." Some ministers always attract large congregations, and some do not. In the truth before us do we see one reason? You need not fear to grow old, and that you will pass the "dead line," if you will only keep cheerfully in harmony with all that is bright about you. If Christian ministers want to reach men, and show them the power of the gospel, let them "rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice," and do not fear to let your people see it.

T. D. Crothers, M. D., Supt. Walnut Lodge, Hartford, Conn.; Secretary American Association for the Cure of Inebriates; editor *Journal of Inebriety*, etc., writes: "Inebriety in America is more impulsive and precipitate than in other countries, the period of moderate drinking is less marked and the average life of the inebriate is shorter. Among the many reasons for this are the tremendous activity and competition in the ordinary work of life, the intensity of living, the calling out every energy, putting them in a constant strain, followed by want of rest, neglect of the healthy functions of the body, etc. Add to this the constant practice of using the strongest alcoholic at all times and occasions, it will be readily seen that the average American must of necessity possess less resisting power and will fall a victim more readily to the action of alcohol."

A long and very animated debate in the Belgian Chamber on the cost of the inquiry into the state of public instruction in Belgium was brought to a close April 4th. The different reports of the Commission of Inquiry have shown that great pressure has been used by the Catholic clergy to prevent the execution of the new law on public instruction, and that many of the clerical schools, established in opposition to the public schools, are in a very inferior state, while in those convent schools where lace making is taught, the making of lace for the benefit of the convents holds the foremost, and general instruction only the last place. On the clerical side it has been asserted that the money which the inquiry has cost served only to enrich those who made it. The Belgian Constitution allows full liberty of instruction, but from the debate it results that the majority of the Chamber thinks the institution of inspection by the State of all schools now necessary.

Wendell Phillips on the New England Fathers.

At a meeting of the Boston Radical Club, a few years ago, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes made a severe attack on Jonathan Edwards, that was supported by Bartol, Clark and Bowditch, but Phillips protested, saying: "The picture, as a whole, cannot be just to Edwards; there must be other sides which would soften and redeem it, and justify the profound and loving respect our fathers had for him. Else how can we account for the great fact of New England, which is the outcome of his and similar pulpits? Religion and theological doctrines are great factors in forming character. If the pulpit of New England taught only, or mainly, hateful, narrow, inhuman and degrading doctrines—if such was the character of its teaching, whence came this generous, public-spirited, energetic, hopeful, broad, humane, self-respectful, independent and free-thoughted New England, ready for every good work and willing for every necessary sacrifice? "We must have a theory broad enough to cover all the facts. It used to be said, that he who makes religion twelve and the world thirteen is no true New Englander. His religion was three-quarters Yankee. What you gentlemen here call 'free religion' and 'liberal christianity' is of very recent growth, and of still very narrow influence. But character is of slow growth. Any theory which narrows and degrades the New England pulpit of the eighteenth century fails to account for the community which grew up under it."

It was urged that the New England fathers did not really believe the doctrines held up to ridicule by the Radical Club, but Phillips replied: "It will hardly do to maintain that the hard-headed and practical Yankee, so keen and ready-witted in affairs, so free and bold in civil life, the world's intellectual pioneer, did not know or understand what he believed in—to him the most important matter of all, his religion. Four generations passed over the stage and left us this commonwealth, their creation—sober, painstaking, serious, earnest men. We cannot accept the theory which represents their religion as carelessly taken up, loosely held, and only half understood. Great jurists, practical statesmen, profound scholars, liberal founders of academy, college and hospital, boldly searching the world over for means to perfect institutions on which the world now models itself—were these minds crippled by absurd dogmas, worldlings without faith, or hypocrites, afraid to avow their real belief? True philosophy never accepts such theories to explain history."

Uncle Tom and "Mammy" as Slaves.

A striking article in the *Century*, by Walter B. Hill, on "Uncle Tom without a Cabin," opens with the following reminiscences of slavery days: "In the last year of his life, General 'Light Horse Harry' Lee made a visit to Dunwoody, the residence of General Nathaniel Greene, on Cumberland Island, Georgia. While there, he was attacked with a sickness which in the end proved fatal. His nurse was an old negro woman, the 'mammy' of the household. One day, in a paroxysm of nervous pain, he became enraged at her officious benevolence and threw a slipper at the old woman's head. There was a skillful dodge of the red bandanna, and then she deliberately picked up the slipper and hurled it back at him, with the words, 'Dah, now! I aint gwine to let no white chile sass me; I aint.'"

"This incident, which is historic, illustrates the position of the 'mammy' in a Southern family in the olden time. She had rocked the cradle of her young master and crowned him to sleep with those weird melodies which are unsurpassed in the Mother Goose lore of any land. As he grew to manhood he was still her 'chile,' and she became, in turn, a grandmother in affection to the children of his household. In family affairs, in determining the components of a cake, the pattern of a garment, or some nice question of a neighbor's social status, she wielded that potent wand, 'the wisdom of ancestors,' and quoted 'ole marster' and 'ole missus' with oracular confidence, inspired by the impossibility of contradiction. Jealous was she for the honor of 'our family.' The authority thus assumed was always good-naturedly acquiesced in; and when ignored, was overruled indirectly, so as not to shake the old soul's self-confidence in her infallibility, or the children's veneration for her wisdom. The latter was a conservative influence too valuable to be sacrificed."

"Very similar was the position of the 'ole uncle.' Even the harsh overseer, dressed in a little brief authority, took counsel of his weather wisdom and his 'searance' in planting to suit the moon. Over the dwellers in the quarters he was wont to take a patriarchal jurisdiction. The children, white and black, revered him not only for the stories of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, which a later Uncle Remus has told to all the world, but for the unexhausted stores of similar lore which remained locked in his venerable bosom. He always impressed the pickaninny with the fact that he only told the half he knew. No grandfathers ever had a more eager audience for his garbology."

"What element in Cicero's charming picture 'de Senectute' was lacking to make such an old age happy? Against all care and want, these old attaches of the family were insured in the love of their owners, and if that was not sufficient, in a legal obligation for their support. Who have had, more than they, 'That which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends?'"

It is somewhat paradoxical that the man who does the least talking in Congress is called the Speaker.—*Judge*.

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A Tell-Tale of Spring.

I've found out Spring's secret;
I know why she's late;
The mischief, the truant,
She cares not who wait,
Who freeze, and who shiver
And pine for the sight
Of one yellow daisy,
Or violet white.

Ah! yes, I've her secret.
I'll give, and not sell;
I'll tell it, I'll tell it—
My tongue burns to tell.

The mischief, the truant,
No wonder she's late,
Coming all the way round
By the Golden Gate!

Yes, that's where I tracked her.
I caught her to-day,
Lying down by a river
With lambskins at play.

The mischief, the vagrant,
And spendthrift, I swear
She was tossing roses
Aloft in the air.

As children toss bubbles,
To shine one by one,
And float for a minute,
Then die in the sun.

Her grass lay all scattered;
Who chose helped themselves;
The hills were like velvet
Spread green for the elves.

Her linnet was with her,
And larks; and they sung
Such music it almost
Turned old men to young.

Her face was all sunny,
All guileless of ruse;
I'd a mind to reproach her,
But what was the use?

Sweet mischief, sweet truant,
She would might reply,
"If callenders blunder,
Who's to blame? Not I!"

Ah! fairest Spring's spring-tide,
'Twas thankless and bold
To spy out your secret;
I'm sorry I told!

—Harper's Magazine.

Only a Country Pastor.

He was not a great man, and he knew it. But he was good, faithful and untiring. The poor, small hill town in New England where he labored for about thirty years was the wonder of neighboring pastors. They could not account for the high moral and spiritual atmosphere of the place. What made the young people turn out so well? One young lady became a missionary and went to India, another went to Africa. Several young men were ordained ministers and missionaries, one was Professor at Yale, and many became useful teachers and citizens.

The pastor was a man of prayer. He tried to preach the Word in its simplicity and directness. He knew his people in their homes. He visited the schools, and noticed promising boys and girls, and suggested to them the possibility of a college education, and encouraged them to obtain it. He took religious papers and magazines, constantly urged others to do so, and in many cases arranged for this. He distributed his own periodicals widely through the town after he had read them. His people were kept familiar with the world's work. He held monthly concerts of prayer at which information was given of our great home and foreign benevolent societies. Their objects and needs were often faithfully presented from the pulpit to the poor congregation, so that even the children understood, and as they deposited their great, old-fashioned, copper cents in the box, their sympathies were broadened and ennobled by such share in great Christian enterprises.

The poverty of the people was considered no excuse for neglecting benevolent work. The town was districted and collectors were appointed to visit every man, woman and child, and ask money for such objects. Some children regularly gave each twenty-five cents a year, earned by picking berries. In the church was an elderly widow whose gifts were too small. By special effort the pastor enlisted her interest, so that her annual contribution to one object was raised to a hundred dollars. She left a legacy of several thousand to the American Board at her death. One of the pastor's sons became a useful minister. A granddaughter is a missionary in China.

At his death two ministers, a thousand miles apart, preached from the text, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Many country pastors underestimate the possibilities of their field of labor. The town of Calais, Vt., gave Dr. Dwinell to Sacramento, Dr. Goodell to St. Louis and Dr. N. G. Clark to the American Board at Boston. —The Advance.

Thomas Carlyle.

As there are so many stories going the round of the press concerning the late Thomas Carlyle, I will ask no apology or the following one:

One summer evening, about six years ago, Mr. Carlyle was smoking his large pipe on the Chelsea Embankment, watching the red glow on the river, and the dusky procession of craft pass on the tide down the Thames, when one of those seedy individuals who infest the London streets addressed him for charity. "Toot, mon," said the Chelsea sage, in his broad Scotch; "ye should get to work instead o' beggin' other folks on the highway. Get ye to work, mon!"

"I have no work, sir," said the tramp; "I was brought up at Harrow school, sir; I was a gentleman once, and my father was a gentleman, but I have been brought down to want, sir, by no fault of my own."

"Brought up at Harrow, was ye?" said Carlyle. "Harrow and Rugby have been the ruin o' many a mon besides ye."

"See that pair body toiling there?" said the sage, pointing with his thin finger to a dock laborer, unloading a coal boat. "I tell you, he's the best gentleman among ye all." Then, laying his hand on the unfortunate's shoulder, he said, in his grand, impressive way: "Work, work, for the night cometh when no man can work. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The tramp turned away rather surprised and perhaps a little scared, but Carlyle called after him: "Weil, mon, here's saxpence, but find something to do; find something to do, if it's only loading a gally." —Methodist Advocate.

The Increase of Insanity.

Recent statistical information proves beyond a peradventure that the number of insane people is increasing in a greater ratio than the population. In England, Ireland and Scotland, the ratio in 1862 was 1.81 per 1,000; in 1872, 2.41 per 1,000, and in 1882 it was 2.84 per 1,000. The careful comparison of the official returns indicates unmistakably that the amount of insanity in the British Islands has increased in these two decades about sixty per cent. The same state of facts is true of this country. In 1870 there were 961 lunatics to a million of inhabitants; 1880, 1,884 to the million. In other words, the number of insane had more than doubled compared with the population. A writer in a leading English periodical undertakes to discuss the causes of this increase of brain disorders. He, of course, refers the chief part of insanity to drink and moral depravity, and finds that "the speed at which the world now travels" and the fierce competitions of modern life are responsible for a large share of the mental disease. But in concluding his paper, he speaks of another cause as probably efficient in producing the unhappy result. That cause is the overthrow of man's religious faith and "the negation of accountability to a Supreme Power or the denial of allegiance to all beyond human laws." Those who have strong heads and are amid surroundings favorable to good morals may play with such doctrines unharmed, he says, but how awful must be their effect upon "the ignorant and half-educated, on the threshold of whose homes temptation perpetually lurks." There may be something in this. As insanity is often hereditary, should not the State pass laws prohibiting the intermarriage of those whose ancestors had been afflicted with this dread disease? —Demorest's Monthly.

Moral Courage in Every-day Life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to wear old clothes until you can pay for the new ones.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and insist upon your wife and daughters doing the same.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide an entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

Have the courage to take a good paper, and pay for it annually in advance. —Christian Witness.

ABOLISHING SLAVERY.—The close of this century ought to witness the end of slavery on this planet. For fifty years there have been no slaves permitted under the flag of England. The late Czar Alexander set free the serfs in his dominion, while the war of the rebellion liberated 4,000,000 black slaves in the United States. The Empire of Brazil decreed in 1871 that every child born thereafter should be free. Cuba is getting rid of slavery very rapidly, and the interest taken by the commercial nations in the Congo Valley, Africa, will soon bring about a stoppage to the practice of men-hunting, and thus slavery will die for want of new slaves. The only step backward has been in Egypt, where General Gordon, in order to pacify the country, sanctioned slavery in the Soudan. But this was done under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Still the abolition of slavery in Cuba is having one unfortunate result. The newly emancipated blacks do not care to work, and the fine coffee and sugar plantations of that island are going to ruin. The history of Jamaica after emancipation is a tale of woe. Still, although the plantation culture, as well as commerce, may be injured by freedom, yet the Cubans themselves cannot be but benefited by the new state of things. —Demorest's Monthly.

Mr. J. B. Tolman, a veteran printer of Lynn, Mass., has given to the Y. M. C. A. an estate valued at \$30,000, the income of which they are to use in promoting the cause of temperance.

The Presbyterian Women's Board in New York has raised more than \$300,000 for mission work in its fourteen-years' life. It has 500 auxiliaries in seven States.

Hawthorne's Wife on His Death.

MONDAY NIGHT.—Beloved: When I see that I deserved nothing, and that my Father gave me the richest destiny for so many years of time, to which eternity is to be added, I am struck dumb with an ecstasy of gratitude, and let go my mortal hold with an awful submission, and without a murmur. I stand hushed in an ineffable peace, which I cannot measure nor understand. It, therefore, must be that peace which "passeth all understanding." I feel that his joy is such as "the heart of man cannot conceive," and shall not, then, rejoice who loved him so much beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? Ah! thanks be to God who gives me this, proof—beyond all possible doubt—that we are not and never can be divided!

If my faith bear this test, is it not "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity?" Need I ever fear again any possible dispensation, if I can stand serene when that presence is reft from me which I believed I must instantly die to lose? Where, O God, is that supporting, inspiring, protecting, entrancing presence which surrounded me with safety and supreme content? "It is with you, my child," saith the Lord, "and seemeth only to be gone." "Yes, my Father, I know I have not lost it, because 'I still live.' I will be glad. 'Thy will be done.' From a child I have truly believed that God was all-good and all-wise, and felt assured that no event could shake my belief. To-day I know it. This is the whole. No more can be asked of God. There can be no death nor loss for me forevermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light from God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages, to call my own for twenty-five years of human life.

God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. He has decreed this earthly life a mere court of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh! yes, dear Heavenly Father, I will be glad that my darling has escaped from the rude jars and hurts of this outer court, and when I was not aware that an angel gently drew him within the palace door that turned on noiseless, golden hinges, drew him in because he was weary. God gave to his beloved sleep. And then an awakening which will require no more restoring slumber.

As the dewdrop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified, free spirit. He was so beautiful here that he will not need much change to become a "shining one." How easily I shall know him when my children have done with me, and perhaps the angel will draw me gently, also, within the palace door, if I do not faint, but truly live "Thy will be done."

At that festival of life that we all celebrated last Monday, did not those myriad little white lily-bells ring in for him the eternal year of peace, as they clustered and hung around the majestic temple in which he once lived with God? They rang out, too, that lordly incense that can come only from a lily, large or small. What lovely ivory sculpture round the edge! I saw it all, even at that breathless moment when I knew that all that was visible was about to be shut from me for my future mortal life. I saw all the beauty, and the tropical gorgeousness of odor that enriched the air from your peerless wreath steeped me in paradise. We were the new Adam and new Eve again, and walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and there was not yet death, only the voice of the Lord. But indeed it seems to me that now again there is no death. His life has swallowed it up.

Do not fear for me dark hours. I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have to do only with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting

"Morning spread
Over me her rich surprise?"

I have no more to ask but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn as I am comforted. If I could hear all sorrow I would be glad, because God has turned for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds—as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black pall that seemed to shut out the sun. I comprehend all now; before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders, "Even so." Your faithful friend, SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.—Mrs. J. T. Fields' Diary.

AN OMINOUS CALL.—A few days ago, while listening from the gallery in the House of Congress, the Speaker, while calling for reports of committees, called for "the bill on alcoholic drinks." Though there was no bill reported at that moment, and no reply made to it, nothing more significant nor fraught with greater interest can come before the American people. Though that commitment of the gravest question before Congress for twenty years now smolders, 'twill yet burst forth in an upheaval that will bury the monster Alcohol beneath the indignities of an injured nation. We have heard debating-schools, conventions and conferences calling for such questions, and have heard Congressmen laugh at the efforts of "temperance fanatics"; but now, thank God, we have heard the Speaker of the House of Congress call for the same question. This is ominous. As well try to roll back the ocean tide in the Bay of Funda as to try to beat back the inevitable of the alcoholic question. Whatever Congress fails to do now, it will only have to do hereafter, and will be the more willing to do it the better in the near future. —Religious Telescope.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."
RIVER ST., BUCKLAND, MASS., MAY 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, over a score of years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

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To their interests in buying
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THE HIGHEST HONORS

In every competitive contest with other machinery for similar purposes.

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Is the best in the world.

Adriance "Buckeye" Mower & Reapers

Are the lightest and most durable.

The leading Harvesters of the world.

TAYLOR SULKY RAKE

Without doubt the best Rake Made.

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Is the best improved and most practicable Header in the market.

RICE'S ENGINE

Is the only really successful Straw-Burning Engine.

The "Gold Medal" Separator

Saves grain where other threshers waste, and will do more work in a given time than any other threshing machine.

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The most accurate, durable and simple Scale in the market.

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San Francisco, Cal.

To Vegetarians

AND

FOOD REFORMERS:

Will all interested in the Reform Diet please send their addresses to Mrs. Tarrant Siddons, 2650 Folsom St., San Francisco, so that when time and place have been arranged for, a notice of a meeting may be sent to them.

"The Pacific"

Purchasing Agency.

For the purpose of facilitating communication between the readers of THE PACIFIC and its advertisers, we have concluded to offer our services gratuitously to all, in the purchase of goods and articles usually for sale in San Francisco; also, in answering any reasonable inquiry in relation to anything in the market. As these services are offered gratuitously, all letters must be accompanied with stamp for return answer. Orders should be explicit, stating how article are to be sent. Address

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THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INS'CE CO.

OFFICE: Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1, 1884.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1883.....\$48,918,515.11

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$11,489,042.68
Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1883.....	540,555.91—\$10,948,486.77
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold).....	3,088,863.95
Less interest accrued January 1, 1883.....	326,000.06—2,712,863.89—\$18,661,850.66
	\$62,579,855.77

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including reversionary additions to same.....	\$2,263,092.29
Endowments, matured and discounted, including reversionary additions to same.....	452,229.80
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	3,884,068.31
Total paid policy-holders.....	\$6,699,390.40
Taxes and re-insurances.....	262,492.91
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees.....	1,690,207.13
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c.....	449,925.44—\$9,102,015.88
	\$53,477,849.89

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received).....	\$1,393,615.02
Invested in United States, New York City and other stocks (market value \$25,455,748.81).....	23,320,620.98
Real Estate.....	4,508,779.30
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate, (buildings thereon insured for \$18,316,000.00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	20,681,471.72
Temporary loans, (secured by stocks, market value, \$1,624,887.00).....	1,393,500.00
*Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$2,570,617.00).....	461,445.57
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1884.....	645,047.46
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection.....	536,811.05
Agents' Balances.....	104,216.55
Accrued Interest on investments, January 1, 1884.....	362,272.15—\$53,477,849.89
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	2,065,052.83

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1884, \$55,542,902.72

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1884.....	\$251,403.43
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c.....	359,868.60
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....	29,763.00
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlsruhe net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlsruhe net premium.....	47,635,147.00
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1883, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	\$2,091,872.16
Addition to the Fund during 1883 for surplus and matured reserves.....	1,116,939.00
	\$8,208,311.16

DEDUCT—

Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on matured Tontines..... 972,215.12

Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1884..... 2,236,096.04

Reserved for premiums paid in advance..... 28,610.48

\$50,540,388.55

5,002,514.17

10,000,000.00

From the undivided surplus of \$5,002,514.17 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 15,561 policies have been issued, insuring \$52,735,564.

Number of Policies in force	Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705.	Jan. 1, 1881, 48,548.	Jan. 1, 1882, 53,927.	Jan. 1, 1883, 60,150.	Jan. 1, 1884, 69,227.
Death-claims	1879, \$1,569,854.	1880, 1,731,721.	1881, 2,013,203.	1882, 1,955,292.	1883, 2,263,092.
Income from	1879, \$2,093,850.	1880, 2,317,889.	1881, 2,432,654.	1882, 2,798,018.	1883, 2,712,863.
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.	Jan. 1, 1880, \$127,417.763.	Jan. 1, 1881, 135			

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, May 28, 1884.

TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Read advertisement of "Cram's World Atlas," price \$5, in another column. This very valuable work we will send, post paid, together with THE PACIFIC for one year, to all our subscribers, new or old, who will pay to our agents, or send to us, \$6. Address THE PACIFIC, Box 2348, San Francisco, Cal.

If any one will remit us \$2 we will send THE PACIFIC one year to the address of the Home Missionary named.

In this time of many Sunday-school helps, are we not teaching the helps more than the Bible? Are we not giving instruction in criticism of the Bible more than in what the Bible teaches?

A religious newspaper should give the forward movement of the great work of the churches. We ask every reader of THE PACIFIC to send us a short account of any work going on where he is.

Why has the cause of the freedom of our Southern States never been presented to the Congregational churches of California? Six millions of people, trying to force their way upward, deserve our sympathy and help.

Presbyterian elders sometimes have an elders' meeting. Episcopal laymen sometimes have a congress to consider their affairs; and it is quite time for our Congregational churches to have a convention to consider the many matters of common interest that need their attention.

Next Friday will be Decoration Day. We hope that it may be a fine day meteorologically and a successful day patriotically. So long as we live who felt the shock, stress and strain of the civil war; as long as they live who offered their lives in service and carried our banners in triumph; and while any freedman treads the soil where the war struck off his shackles, it must be that Decoration Day shall have some fit observance, even here where we dwell, so remote from the great battle-fields of the conflict. We were so near to being involved in great disaster, and escaped by so deft a plan, so handsomely consummated, that we almost tremble at the remembrance of our narrow escape. A public rendering of thanks to God and a proper recognition of the claims of the heroic dead always become us, especially at this season of the year, when we celebrate the honor and valor of our deliverance.

The noted criminal, L. L. Majors, suffered the penalty of the law in the jail-yard, at Oakland, last Friday. He protested his innocence to the last, yet it is doubtful if there is a sane and intelligent person in the State who did not believe him guilty. He had two trials and the benefit of every legal device. He was the originator of a scheme of robbery in which two men were murdered, and two men became his instruments, one of whom was hanged before he was, and the other sent to prison for life. Majors gave no sign of sorrow or remorse, had no pitying words for suffering wife and children, brutally injured two men in an attempt to escape, and only showed some religious sentiment the last few days he lived. In spite of the dreadfulness of the fact, all people acquiesce in the dreadfulness of his end. It honors law, vindicates the majesty of justice, and helps the protection of innocence. The land is safer and society is wiser for this execution.

The church in Sacramento carries the distinction among the earlier churches of having had but two pastors during the first thirty-three years of its history. It has been, through all the commotions and changes incident to the situation of people in a new State, in many ways, a harmonious, united and successful church. Its house of worship, now almost thirty years old, has been kept in order, repaired, lifted and decorated. The audience-room is to-day a beautiful one to preach in. The financial showing for the year ending last April is a remarkably good one. Not a dollar of debt remains for anything. Every department is well supplied, so far as money can do it. The new pastor, just ordained, takes up the work under many happy auspices, and with the promise of all sorts of generous co-operation. There is manning and organizing to be done. The pastoral and social circle requires attention. The fresh-

ness, glow, glory and strength of youth are in demand. But all will go well, and glad fruition come, if health, power and plenty fill the pulpit; numbers, enthusiasm and grace, the pews; and God's Spirit, all hearts.

We are reading that Pompeii, Italy, buried in ashes, cinders, and dust (for nearly 1700 years from the knowledge of men), by the eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79, is to be honored by a revival of the historic scenes of its renown. There are to be games, shows, pomps, in street, arena, amphitheater, and other places, such as were common in the first century of the Christian era. Such festivities will have their value, and excite their interest; but they may prove little else than a grand advertising scheme. Had there ever been discovered in Pompeii any certain evidences that Christianity was believed in by any of its people, at the time of its destruction, that fact would lend interest to the occasion. But no sign of cross, or church, or tomb, or any other memorial, has ever been unearthed in that interesting spot, so far as we know. Paul went within sight of the city on his way to Rome. Naples was insignificant then. Pompeii was touched by its feet. But all these places waited, it would seem, till another generation for the advent of Christianity, and when it came Herculaneum and Pompeii were blotted from human view.

It is right that General Grant should be placed on the retired list of the army. It would be proper to do this were he in health and prosperity. But he has been long ill, and now, by the crash of the house in which his money was, he is poor again. Ward, who managed the firm's business, is under arrest. His crime may be no worse than that of other rash speculators, who have lost all, and ruined those who confided in them. However, though he should be shown guilty of fraud, convicted, and punished, that will restore nothing to the Grants, senior or junior. The latter may be young enough and shrewd enough to care for himself. The former, with all his faults, is a grand figure in our history. He has filled the highest places in the country, both civil and military, with distinction, and it were a shame to compel him now in advancing years, to carry a sense of poverty and degradation before the eyes of his countrymen. Twenty years ago the hopes of the Republic hung on his tact, skill and courage. To-day let the Republic require once more the commander that was adequate to every emergency, the spirit that never flagged, and the genius that secured alike the admiration of friend and foe.

According to arrangement, there was no doubt held a very interesting and significant service, one week ago, in the Blackfriars parish church in England. It was on the 21st inst., as records show, just five hundred years since Wyclif and his doctrines were formally condemned in that church. Wyclif was a "reformer before the reformation." He had already made a translation of the Bible into the best English of his time; and was, in every right way, making a prodigious stir all over the land. There were men more powerful than he, but he was the one grand character of his half-century. It takes a great man, under God, to conquer the ages, and so to command them, that five centuries after himself and his doctrines have been publicly condemned, himself and his doctrines shall be as publicly endorsed in the selfsame place. The condemnation was before a small realm; the endorsement is before all the civilized world. Romanism put down Wyclif, for the time, but where is Romanism now in the land of our fathers? Who will say there is no vindicating providence in our world? Who does not admire that humane sentiment which waits for and sanctions what is known as "poetic justice?"

Last week a newsdealer on Montgomery street in this city, was arrested and locked up for selling the vilest photographs, some of them evidently imported from Japan. The case came up on Monday before Judge Lawler, and was continued to yesterday. The defendant then demanded a jury trial, which was granted, and is set for June 4th, at two o'clock p. m. Shall this trial be a farce? We hope not; the law is plain and so is the evidence. All good citizens should be interested to see this law enforced. It will not do to let such men beat the law and demoralize the people. We appeal to our readers in this city to watch this case, and we hope that many of them will attend the trial and watch the proceedings, and aid as they may in the enforcement of the law. If the law in so plain a case as this, cannot be enforced, then we are in a bad fix, and a great shame will be fixed upon us for a time, until the good people of this city shall find a remedy, as find it they certainly will. Good laws that are executed in the Eastern cities will be executed here. It will not do for such men to laugh you in the face, as this arrested newsdealer did a few weeks ago when told that he was violating the law, and that such pictures would not be allowed

in New York or Chicago, and to say as he did, that "San Francisco is not New York or Chicago, and we don't pay attention to such laws here." We must pay attention to them. We cannot afford to be behind our sister cities in these matters. The law ought to be enforced in this case, and we believe it will be next week. But this is not the only case of this sort in this city which needs the attention of the officers of the law. We know of just as bad cases; some of our readers know such cases. Our advice is to get the facts and report to the Chief of Police, Mr. Crowley, who, we believe, is willing to do his duty faithfully.

The Advance reports the May meeting of the Chicago Congregational Club at the Palmer House in that city, on Monday evening, May 19th. About 450 persons were present. The subject considered was "City Missions." Addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Goodwin and others, and, as a result, \$12,000 were pledged on the spot. Very well done, indeed; we congratulate our brethren in Chicago, and are glad to chronicle their good deeds.

Uniformity and Diversity.

Something of the infinite wealth of the divine mind may, perhaps, be better conceived and appreciated under the caption of this article than in almost any other vein of thought. When we ascribe to that Supreme One the work of creation, we seem only to be taxing, on a large scale, his wisdom and his power. We look at general and grand results, rather than at the innumerable minutiae of inexhaustible contrivance and fertile skill which constitute such results. If we inspect this globe as a product of such creative function, it is easy to catalogue and compass its fulness by speaking briefly of continents and oceans as sharing the sphere between them, without suggesting even any variety of feature to these all-comprehending divisions.

And when we come to a more specific analysis and classification under these general terms, giving outlines and names to the several quarters of the globe, and to the seas that wash their borders, and to their more interior subdivisions by zones and streams and mountains, we are scarcely yet holding up to our discriminating vision the individualities of our native earth. We are only dwelling upon vague, general ideals as presented and defined by the language employed.

Everywhere through the natural world we observe certain great laws of uniformity developing and controlling all natural life. Speak any word that calls up any feature of this natural life, and we give it an unvarying definition, showing that we understand it to be the product of an unchanging natural law. If we read of mountain or valley, of rock or stream, of tree or flower, each term in such a catalogue gives us a definite, clear idea of the special form and unit of nature which it is intended to indicate. But this idea is still vague and general, and does not picture or suggest to us the illimitable variety of products distributed through the fields of creation. And, if our studies go no further, we are only holding in our hand the unopened volumes that reveal the plenitude of the divine thoughts. What we need is to contemplate the endless diversities of God's working, within the scope of its uniformities.

Take, for instance, the term "man." We know what offspring of the divine will is intended; his form and features and natural origin, and governing type of appearance. And yet, among all the millions of the race, we shall find no two so exactly alike, that we cannot by careful study discriminate between them; and usually, such discrimination is made at a glance. In stature and complexion, in forehead, brain and eyes, in voice and motion, and especially in all that characterizes thought and feeling and purpose, and whatsoever attribute and development of soul, the diversities are marked and inexhaustible.

Ask for the definition of "mountain." We can give it in language that shall be accepted as conveying a clear and vivid picture of such uplifted landscape. But this ideal picture does not exhaust the fertility of the creating hand. Every mountain of earth, on all its islands and continents, has its own distinctive identity—its brow of rock and cliff, its beard of fringing woods, its robe of green, its cap of earthen brown or snowy whiteness; and no two, in base or stature or outlook, express the same purpose of the hand that lifted them. Copy these varieties in word or pencil, and tell us when you reach the end!

We know what we mean by river. We can see its winding floods, we can hear its rush of imprisoned waters, we can sketch its margin of vale and field. But who can give us the catalogue of all these shining streams, tell us in what hidden spring each had its rise, show us its struggling infancy of rivulet and brook, and give us all the hills and forests that mirror themselves along its leagues? Put upon the canvas any portion of their length, and when you have nothing new to paint, let us know!

So, give us the plumage and the song of birds, the outlines and the tinting of the landscapes, the budding and the blooming and perfume of flowers, trunk and branching arms and shadowing leaf of forest growths, and go the rounds of all these vitalities of the natural world, and pause when you have no more changes to recite, and we shall know something of what is meant by the diversities amid the uniformities of creation. Let these hints quicken our study of these exhaustless pages of nature, till we have acquired some struggling conception of the fullness and richness of creative wisdom and power; and, with the conception, catch the spirit of worship and of praise!

Many of our gentlemen readers buy their clothing of Schafer & Co., 11 Montgomery St. We doubt if our friends can do better elsewhere in this city.

The Devil.

BY REV. JOSEPH ROWELL.

The articles published in THE PACIFIC under this heading have provoked some criticism, which I do not care to answer, as it is not at all my wish to defend myself. All that I have said has been based on clear testimonies of Scripture, or what I consider fair inferences therefrom.

The Word of God teaches plainly that there is in this world, of heavenly origin, but debased by, and banished for, sin, a spirit of vast knowledge and power, foul, false and malignant to the last degree, hating God and holiness, and for this hatred, resolved on all possible destruction of good; that, aided by a very great number of spirits like himself, but inferior to him in power, he rules this world at his pleasure, except so far as he is restrained by God.

Partly from Scripture direct, and partly from necessary inference, we learn a great many facts about him and his work—that this devil, with his demons and devils, is about us all, at all times, as near as our degree of unlikeness to God will permit, inspiring and urging on to sin of every kind and degree, vexing, hindering, deceiving and seducing many of God's children, and ruling "the children of disobedience" (i. e. all who have not turned from sin and become the willing subjects of the Lord) at his pleasure; that he is the suggesting and moving author of all the sin and mischief in this world that his power over men lies in his marvelous power of deception, by which he ever "makes the worse appear the better reason," and hides his hand from those who are moved by it; and, in a word, that he is a most deadly and dangerous foe to all the good, all goodness and all happiness among God's creatures.

And now comes the practical question what we shall do in the matter. Here are the facts; what needs and duties follow them?

(1.) We need to be afraid of the devil. I use the term "afraid" deliberately, because "fear" has in Scripture its good meaning, implying a reverential awe of the greatness and holiness of God. We should fear God and be afraid of the devil. Even those who are never afraid of any other being need not be ashamed to be afraid of Satan, for he is a deadly, implacable and unconquerable foe, and because in this dread, lies the path to safety, since he that is afraid of him will naturally—

(2.) Avoid him. Our safety lies in having, first, as little to do with him as possible. Most of his temptations are very alluring, but every one is death-ward; they are sweet music, but every note is the song of the syren; they are like beds of beautiful and fragrant flowers, but under every petal is a coiled serpent. Wisdom says, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." That was a wise Trojan who said, "I fear the Greeks bearing gifts." It is the "fool" of Scripture that dallies with temptation, confident of his power to resist it; for behind it is concealed one that is "stronger than the strong man armed," and full of malignity. We need never be afraid of Satan opposing us in the path of duty, because there God is with us. Luther said, "I would go, though there were more devils there than the tiles on the houses;" and he was right, the devils could not harm him in the path of duty. But when Satan came into his study to seduce him into sin, he was afraid and threw his inkstand at him, being so sensible of his presence as to seem to see him. And here, too, he was right, i. e., in being afraid of him. God's children are in no danger from his temptations except as they daily with them. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by (means of) his own lust, and enticed." With his own children Satan has authority and power, but not with Christians, unless they linger near him and give him a handle to work. Samson had no occasion to fear the Philistines, except as he dallied with Delilah; and there are no Samsons in Christ's Church who can safely dally with temptation. For only one being was it ever safe to seek temptation, and that was when the Lord Jesus needed to encounter Satan, that he might conquer him on our behalf. And even he was forced, at last, to do what we need to do all the time, viz., to get away from him crying, "Get thee hence, Satan." I will have nothing more to do with you. If we are wise we shall keep as far as possible from all temptation to sin.

(3.) We ought to hate the devils. I use the word as generic. (See Webster's synonyms.) It covers "detest," "loathe," "abominate," etc., and includes them all. We ought to hate them with the whole power of our beings—for they hold in themselves the summation and the concentration of all moral evil. All their outgoing influence is unmingled villainess, and can be no otherwise, any more than pure white can flow from an ink-pot. They are the only beings we ought to hate, because they are the only ones whose character is wholly vile without any shred or root of good. God hates sin, but loves (i. e., compassionates) sinners; they are none of them wholly vile or unreclaimable. We are not told in set phrase that God hates Satan, but we look in vain in Scripture for any hint of his compassion for him. Our hatred for him, however, should not be personal or revengeful, but as the embodiment of all, an unmingled moral evil.

Does any one say that my position, that we should hate no other beings, is untenable, and quote good David, saying, "I hate them that hate thee with perfect hatred?" David misrepresents himself somewhat by interpreting a temporary feeling as a sentiment or disposition. With all his hatred he doubtless desired their penitence and return to allegiance to God. Very likely he would have done them a good turn were opportunity given. His hatred was not, therefore, "perfect,"

or even personal. We are bound ever to "hate evil" (Ps. cxvii:10), but not persons (I know there are a host of texts that speak of hating persons, but I think they are all liable to the distinction I make in David's case), but Satan is the embodiment of all and unreclaimable evil, and as such is the proper object of implacable hatred.

(4.) We ought to fight the devils. (See Eph. iv:27, vi:10-13; James iv:7; 1 Peter v:8, 9.) We are soldiers of Jesus Christ (2 Tim. ii:3) and must fight his enemies. But we know of no enemies whom he fights except these demons. We may not fight them with swords or guns, for "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," nor in the persons of men, as the Church used to do. To fight men because they do not believe as we do, though we may think them ruled by Satan, is not fighting him but serving him. He enlists a great many honest, stubborn, willful, opinionated Christians in his service, and sets them to fighting Christ, while they really think they are "doing God service" in fighting other denominations than their own. In the case of the American Tract Society, referred to in a former letter, any one can see now that Drs. ————, I was going to call their names, but I will not—good, honest, earnest, able Christian men as ever lived—were doing the devil's own work in one of its worst earthly forms when they thought they were fighting him and serving Christ.

But fighting Satan excludes all compromise with sin. To sanction a little sin in order to prevent more is such compromise, and is yielding to Satan in one of his most artful devices. It is strange that so many good men fail to see the hoofs under the robe of "high license," who would be shocked at the suggestion to take the same attitude toward theft, murder, prostitution, or any other sin; and yet run worse than all these put together. Oh, the cunning of Satan and the blindness of the "children of light!"

(5.) All this suggests the familiar petition, "From the devil and all his works, good Lord deliver us." (I cannot quote the prayer-book so confidently as God's Word.) In nothing else do we more need the guidance and guard of the Omnipotent Spirit than in our exposure to this prime peril.

But—"Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees." Because he cannot deceive him there, and knows that he must now be conquered. Such close communion with Christ as secures his power in our behalf and helps to form in us "the mind of Christ" is the best of all security against the snares of demons, and gives real power to overcome when we are tempted.

Hopkins Academy.

The graduating exercises of the Hopkins Academy took place at Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, on Friday evening last. The church was beautifully decorated. The music was at once simple and artistic—a very feast for the ear. The essays and orations were thoughtful and well conceived, and the effect of the whole occasion salutary and encouraging. The following is the programme: Orchestral music; prayer, by Rev. W. C. Pond; oration, with salutatory, "Liberty Enlightening the World," Willard F. Sperry; essay, "Knowledge Applied," Thomas M. James; music; oration, "From Plymouth Rock to Alcatraz," Chas. A. Bodwell, Jr.; essay, with valedictory, "Laying Foundations," Maurice S. Woodhams; music; presentation of diplomas, by Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President of the Board of Trustees; presentation of gold medals for excellence in mathematics and Latin, by Rev. H. E. Jewett, Principal; music.

We regret that it was impossible for us, without neglect of imperative duties, to attend the examinations. We have good reports concerning them. The past year has been one of great prosperity. The health of the students has been almost perfect, their progress in study good, and the Christian work, which goes forward unceasingly, has been owned by divine grace, and been used to lead several of the pupils into the everlasting life. The prospect for the next year is bright. Each new year should be, and if principal and trustees can in any way effect improvement each new year, shall be, better than the past. Let our churches remember the Academy in their prayers. Let them extend to it, as far as possible, their patronage; and let whatever is still lacking in the way of apparatus and other conveniences be promptly supplied.

W. C. P.

From another source we have received the following account:

Upon the platform, with the Principal and the graduating class, were seated Revs. Drs. Benton and McLean and Rev. W. C. Pond, members of the Board of Trustees. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Pond, and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Benton. Rev. Dr. McLean, President of the Board of Trustees, presented the diplomas, and Rev. H. E. Jewett, the Principal, presented gold medals for excellence in mathematics and Latin, and for proficiency in Latin being awarded to Laurence Burke, the other to W. F. Sperry. A testimonial for best penmanship was next presented to W. H. Cone, Jr., and one for greatest improvement in penmanship to T. M. James. J. A. Benton, second for excellence in Latin; Everett F. Goodyear, for excellence in mathematics, and W. H. Cone, Jr., for excellence in grammar, received honorable mention, and were presented with books, in token of their proficiency. The graduating class presented to the Principal a set of Shakespeare's works, in thirteen volumes, as their parting gift to the school. The music was all orchestral, under the direction of B. C. Fabrique, and was of a high order.

After the graduating exercises at the church a reception was tendered the senior class and their friends by Mr.

and Mrs. Jewett at their rooms in the Academy.

We give brief extracts from the essays and orations. W. F. Sperry said: "The American idea of a republic demands that its citizens be thrifty, well educated, and, above all, possessed of high moral principle, 'fearing God and regarding man.' We have a mission to perform, and shall we not prove recreant to this trust if we fail to sustain the principles of true liberty—education, temperance, industry, honesty of thought and deed, and, above all, those laws of morality that underlie the teachings of Christianity? What, then, is the duty of citizens, and, especially, what is our duty as young Americans? We must study and believe in our system of free government, and not only affirm our belief in it, but we must let our actions correspond with our words. A nation, to be prosperous, must have an aim for the general good; this aim must reside in the hearts of the people."

T. M. James, referring to manual training, said:

"Already the question is being raised whether the eye and hand, as well as the mind, may not be educated in our schools. It did not hurt Wilson that he had been a cobbler, nor Lincoln that he had been a rail-splitter; neither would it hurt a lawyer to be familiar with mechanical principles, nor any other professional man to be able to handle implements for work. The majority of men will be greatly helped by that training which sharpens their faculties and at the same time lays the foundation of such skill that they can apply their knowledge of principles to the practical occupations of life."

"If, then, we are sure of what we know, we have so much capital for use whenever the opportunity presents itself of employing it for our own advantage or for the good of others. The books we close to-day may not be opened again by us, but by means of them we have gained the power to understand other books and to solve problems yet unknown."

C. A. Bodwell, Jr., introduced his subject by saying:

"We may watch the richly-freighted sterns, as they pass under the lee of Alcatraz, bristling with the guns of a great nation of 50,000,000 people. We may watch the crowds that throng the metropolis of the Pacific coast. Even the days of '49 seem far away. We scarcely ask for the pioneers of our national life. We look upon Alcatraz. We give no thought to Plymouth Rock. He then eulogized the Pilgrims." Concluding, the speaker said: "The story of their sacrifices and achievements must be kept fresh on the Pacific Coast, for the whole nation, from Plymouth Rock to Alcatraz, owes more than it knows to the noble men of Plymouth."

M. S. Woodhams made a plea for classical education, saying: "There is a prevalent opinion that all must study the sciences in order to gain useful knowledge. Yet, even as far as useful knowledge goes, I contend that the classics are superior to the sciences. Are not the simple morality of Socrates, the gloomy majesties of Achilles, the eloquent patriotism of Cicero, and the matchless lyrics of Horace worthy of the profoundest attention? Do not their thoughts and deeds, and the influence they had upon their times, deserve study as well as the footprints of some bird which existed ages ago? Are they not of as much importance as the stone axe of a prehistoric 'missing link'? We are commended if we study the minute structure of some plant, if we puzzle over the composition of a star, whose influence upon our destiny has not the slightest chance of being discovered. But is not the study of the influence which the classical nations have had upon our own civilization and enlightenment, of as much importance?"

"Close application to one particular line" such as the sciences, tends to make a man narrow in his opinions. Some of the best specialists in the scientific line testify to the benefit of the classics. Professor Le Conte of the University of California, has expressed views of the same character. And none could listen to his lectures without feeling that he has received his inspiration from the fount of classical learning.

"I make a plea to-night, not only for a good, liberal education, but also for a Christianized one. There is no future for the young men of our country, unless they combine the principles of a true life, given us by the Book of books, with their life preparation and work. Our State and nation are overrun with evils and vices of all kinds, and no one is safe unless he has put on the whole armor of faith, and stands ready to oppose the enemy. For this service may we ever be on duty."

How an old Californian writes: "Wife and I are not very well. If she felt as I do we should see California before the snow flies again, but she does not like changes. Much love to all brethren."

B. N. S.

In the June Atlantic Richard Grant White has a second paper on "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare," in which he pays his pungent respects to a recent critic of the Riverside Shakespeare, Rev. J. G. Wood writes of "The Trail of the Sea-Serpent." O. B. Frothingham writes of "Washington as it Should Be." Dr. Holmes pays a brief but hearty tribute to the late Thomas Gold Appleton, brother-in-law of Mr. Longfellow. D. O. Kellogg discusses "Penury Not Patriotism"; poems, and reviews with a good contributor's club conclude an excellent number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

St. Nicholas for June is a bright outdoor number, nearly every article taking the reader out into the woods and fields, yet without sacrifice of the variety of subject and interest which is so distinguishing a feature of the magazine.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently doubled the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

Commencement.

Last week Young Ladies' school year well attended the death of his devoted into the ha Mr. E. J. V. pated in the and had be principals in and instruct this arrange made, for, as the Semina satisfaction creased in pe go forward t its founder noble deo ucation. T Seminary, w announces th Mr. Wickso selves in Bell and recently of is a sister lady of cult large exper of young w invaluable in the school been fortun ors, both and in musi and is wino acter of its force of inst Mrs. Harmon

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COMMENCEMENT.

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Commencement at Harmon Seminary.

Last week the Harmon Seminary for Young Ladies, in Berkeley, closed its school year with exercises which were well attended and highly praised. By the death of the Rev. S. S. Harmon and his devoted wife the institution passed into the hands of their daughters and Mr. E. J. Wickson, all of whom participated in the establishment of the school, and had been associated with the late principals in the work of management and instruction. It was fortunate that this arrangement for succession had been made, for, as the past term has proved, the Seminary has been maintained to the satisfaction of its patrons, and has increased in patronage, also, and will now go forward to perpetuate the memory of its founders and the influence of their noble deeds in the cause of Christian education. The new catalogue of the Seminary, which has just been issued, announces that the Misses Harmon and Mr. Wickson have associated with themselves in the work Rev. Dr. S. B. Bell and his wife, who have been recently of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Bell is a sister of the late Mrs. Harmon, a lady of culture and refinement and of large experience in the guidance and care of young women. Rev. Dr. Bell will be invaluable in the higher instruction of the school. The Seminary has always been fortunate in its corps of instructors, both in the English branches, and in music, languages and the arts, and is winning much favor on the character of its class-room work. The old force of instructors selected by Mr. and Mrs. Harmon are still engaged.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered to an overflowing audience in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, May 18th, by Rev. John B. Thompson, D.D., of Catskill, N. Y. He chose as his subject "The Lesson of the Lilies," the text being the grand passage of Scripture in which "Consider the lilies, how they grow." This injunction, with its attendant appeals for the strengthening of faith and trust in the All-wise God, proved a very fitting theme for impression upon the minds of the graduates. The leading idea was the demonstration of the hand of God in the wonderful works of Nature, both in creation and to constant maintenance. The speaker took rather an original method of upholding this truth. He entered closely into the phenomena of plant nutrition and plant structure, using living specimens and blackboard illustration, thus securing the constant attention of his audience and the full appreciation of the truths he made known from the domain of science, and then closed with a ringing argument that all these wonders could have originated and been maintained only by the hand of the Almighty, and could in no way be attributed to chance or to material evolution. The sermon made a deep impression upon all who heard it.

THE EXAMINATIONS.

On Monday morning the examinations of all the classes in the Seminary began and continued through the day, and on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings. The seniors made very creditable work with the Mental Science, and Moral Science and Natural Theology, which have been their leading topics during the last term. The examinations were without book or set questions, and visitors were gratified with the understanding of mental phenomena and moral truth, and the proofs of the existence of a God from his material works, which were manifested. The lower classes in the ordinary studies, and especially in English literature and composition, did very well. Much attention is paid to the careful study of the best authors, and Miss Eva V. Carlin, who has charge of this department, shows much zeal and talent for it.

AFTERNOON EXHIBITIONS.

There were literary and musical exhibitions held on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, and they were well attended. Tuesday afternoon the primary and preparatory departments chiefly furnished the recitations and compositions and musical selections. On Wednesday afternoon there were exercises chiefly by those from the lower classes of the academic department, with the kindergarten exhibition added. The kindergarten has about thirty of the smallest people of the neighborhood and is conducted with marked success by Miss Carrie Trineano, a graduate of Mrs. Smith-Wiggins Normal school. The spirit and delight which the little ones manifested in their songs and plays, and the specimens of their handiwork with pen and needle, which were shown after the exercises, were certainly object lessons on the advantage of this method of instruction. The essays by the older pupils were simple, well-prepared and appropriate.

COMMENCEMENT AND MUSICALS.

On Monday evening was the crowning feature of the week, the graduating exercises. The assembly-room of the Seminary, which is a large, light and airy apartment, was wreathed in flowers and foliage, and inscribed with appropriate mottoes in evergreen. Behind the platform was a splendid floral piece eighteen feet long and four feet high, made by the pupils from the rich resources of bloom for which Berkeley is famous. Interwoven in the midst of it was the monogram of the Seminary and the year 1884—white roses upon a bed of crimson roses. It was an object generally admired. There were two graduates this year, Miss Mollie E. Wright of Berkeley and Miss Nannette Winkheim of San Francisco. Their essays were far above the average of such compositions in pertinent and poetical thoughts. There was an earnestness and aspiration about their expressions which was received with marked favor by the audience.

Miss Winkheim read first. Her subject was "Woman of To-day." She pict-

ured the condition of woman in the early days of the world—first a slave, then a plaything. Even pagan Greece, with all its culture, built houses without parlors, and the women, kept in their secluded apartments, were not companions. It was not until the Christian era that woman began to take her proper place as the social equal and companion of man. The writer then proceeded to consider the many fields for usefulness which lie open to the woman of to-day and the noble way in which she is making return to humanity and to the world for the honor which it has finally shown her. Her illustrations were many, and taken from all parts of the world. Nor was California overlooked. The writer found in the noble charities of Mrs. E. B. Crocker of Sacramento and the philanthropy of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper of San Francisco, in the successful industry of Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena, and Miss M. F. Austin of Fresno and others, many reasons to claim that the woman of to-day was doing nobly for her race and her time.

Miss Mollie E. Wright wrote upon the subject of "Progress"—rather a trite theme, and yet the writer invested it with much freshness and interest. It was an earnest appeal for action and purpose in living and a protest against the too common belief that a graduation was a "finishing" process. She showed how history and analogy refuted any such idea, and that the only true view of life was one which led continually forward into new activities and new usefulness.

THE MUSIC.

The closing evening was especially rich in music. In this department the Seminary has masters who are eminent in their specialties—Professor W. Toepke in vocal, and Professor Fred Zech, Jr., in piano-forte. The Misses Harmon are also excellent teachers of music, and give their time to this work. As this branch of the Seminary may be pursued by itself if the pupil choose, it has been equipped as a Conservatory of Music, and special circulars issued therefor. The vocal and instrumental performances at all the exercises of commencement week gave evidence of the thorough training in this department. Songs by Miss Moon of Tennessee, and Miss Ripley of Nevada were enthusiastically encored. Miss Kline of San Rafael, Miss Ada Snow of Calaveras county and Miss Lambert of Cloverdale are also worthy of especial mention. Piano selections by Miss Ada Tobey of Nevada, Miss Mary Wallis of Oregon, and Miss Gertrude Mason of Berkeley exhibited great facility and appreciation of the composition. Miss Mollie Wright, one of the graduates, is also a pianist of exceptional excellence. The musical gem of the evening was a duet by Professor Zech and Miss Harmon, in which wonderful execution was shown. The popularity of these instructors was declared by the ovation which they received at the hands of their pupils, as well as of the audience.

THE GRADUATION.

The graduates were briefly addressed by Mr. Wickson. He alluded feelingly to the memory of the principals, and urged the pupils to remember their precepts and their examples. He remarked the satisfaction it was to the principals to give to society graduates so well fitted for positions of responsibility and usefulness and urged them to carry forward into their own lives the sentiments which had been presented with so much force and beauty in their graduating essays. A rather novel feature of the last year's work has been the practical work done by the young ladies in floriculture. Plots of ground were given to those who chose this commendable employment for recreation hours, and the result has been a great interest in gardening by the pupils. After describing this branch of work to the audience, Mr. Wickson presented the prizes in floriculture to Miss Lulu Moon of Tennessee and Miss Ella Bender of Nevada. It was an interesting fact that these residents of outside States should carry away the floral premiums from California girls, but it shows the delight which dwellers in less favored States exhibit when they come under the inspiring California skies.

The exercises which we have outlined formed a fitting close to a memorable year in the Seminary, a year which has had its depth of bereavement, but which, under the blessing of God, will be a new proof of the truth that "the good men do live after them."

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Anniversary of A. H. M. S.

THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This anniversary will be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., June 3d to 5th, 1884, with the following programme: Tuesday evening June 3d—Annual Sermon, by Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed by the Communion Service. Wednesday—Devotional Meeting; Address by the Chairman, Rev. President Seelye; Papers, by the Secretaries; Our Co-Operative Societies—Addresses by Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D.D., Rev. L. H. Cobb, D.D., Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Rev. A. E. Dunning, and Rev. A. E. Winship; the annual meeting of the society for the election of officers, hearing of reports, and other business. In the Congregational church there will be a Woman's Home Missionary Meeting, under the direction of Mrs. H. M. Shelton, Secretary of the Woman's Department of the A. H. M. S. Evening—The subject will be, "Work among our Immigrant Population and their Children."—Addresses by Rev. H. A. Schaffner of Cleveland, O.; Rev. M.

W. Montgomery, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. W. G. Puffer of St. Ignace, Mich., and others.

Thursday—Devotional meeting; reports from committees on papers of the secretaries, and addresses by ministers and laymen from different parts of the country. Our Auxiliaries.—Addresses by Rev. Joshua Coit, of Mass.; Rev. C. C. Creagan, of New York, and Rev. James Tompkins, of Illinois. The Pacific Coast.—Addresses by Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D., Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D.D., and Rev. J. W. Hough, D.D. The New West.—Addresses by Rev. H. C. Simmons, Rev. Addison Blanchard, and Rev. D. L. Leonard. The Old West and the South.—Addresses by Rev. Leroy Warren, Rev. S. F. Gale, Rev. E. F. Fales, and Rev. E. P. Hooper, D.D. Evening—General addresses by Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, and others.

A peculiar feature of this programme is that which recognizes and gives a place to the other Congregational religious societies, engaged in the work of evangelizing our country and the world.

The Pacific Coast is awarded a generous place. As Dr. Moor, Dr. Barrows and Deacon Chapin will be in attendance, they will, very likely, be heard from, as well as Drs. Warren, Atkinson and Hough.

We learn that the Society has apportioned to California \$19,000, together with what shall be raised in the State. Outside of this will be no margin.

In the prayer-meeting of this week and the next let this anniversary have a place. Not a little will depend on the spirit, power and success of the meeting.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

At the last meeting of the Monday Club Rev. Dr. Holbrook presented a deeply interesting and able paper on "Pre-millennialism, or Second Adventism," which we hope to publish in a series of articles in THE PACIFIC. Among the visitors present were Revs. Messrs. James, Tobey, Borchers, and also Rev. R. W. Logan of the Micronesian Mission.

The subjects of the next meeting of the Club will be "Micronesia," by Rev. R. W. Logan and the "Hawaiian Islands," by Rev. Dr. McLean, who returned in safety and with renewed strength from his visit last week.

Last Sabbath was Rev. Dr. Barrows' last, in the First church in this city, before his vacation. He leaves to-morrow for the Eastern States for the month of June. He preached in the morning to a large congregation. In the evening the house was full, at a praise service under the leadership of Mr. Sam'l D. Mayer, assisted by instruments and singers, in addition to the usual quartette choir. Pastor Barrows made very pleasant and appropriate addresses. All were glad to see Rev. Dr. Stone on the platform and to join with him in prayer.

Rev. Dr. Warren left on Monday for the A. H. M. S. meeting at Saratoga next week. He expects to be gone about one month, and to do good work in the service of the society on this Coast, and we do not expect that he will be disappointed.

Rev. Dr. Moor, who went East last week, will also be at the Saratoga meeting. We shall miss editorials from his pen for a short time, but shall be disappointed if we do not furnish our readers with a full editorial correspondence.

The various Posts of the G. A. R. united in a Memorial Service in anticipation of Decoration Day, at Plymouth church in this city, last Sabbath evening. The pastor, Rev. T. K. Noble, preached a most excellent sermon. The theme was, "The Immortality of a Great Deed," and based on the words, "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The church was thronged and the service deeply impressive.

At the Bethany church last Sabbath evening the bi-monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held, and an excellent address was delivered by Mrs. M. E. Richardson, the Superintendent of Bands of Hope in this State.

Rev. George Morris preached in Green-street church Sabbath morning.

Last Sabbath was a grand day for the First church in Oakland. The pastor was present for the first time after his vacation, and the occasion was celebrated by a thanksgiving service on the payment of the entire church debt. Pastor and people, with jubilant heart, were able to sing the Doxology.

The West Oakland church has also had a social to celebrate its entire freedom from debt. They greatly rejoice, and we rejoice with them.

Last Sabbath Rev. W. Fear preached in the morning on "Speaking the Truth in Love." At night, his topic was, "The Price of Wisdom."

Rev. Dr. Holbrook preached at Park church, Berkeley.

Rev. Elijah James preached at Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, Sabbath morning, on the words "Jesus wept."

Rev. John Kimball preached in Alameda in the morning and at Green-street church at night.

Prof. Benton preached Sabbath morning and evening at San Jose.

Rev. I. F. Tobey preached at Woodland in the morning on "The Christian Race" and at night on "One Thing Thou Lackest."

There were eleven additions at the Los Angeles church at the last communion.

The ladies at Crockett have raised about \$75 for an organ.

Church matters both at South Vallejo and Crockett are very hopeful.

Three persons have recently united with the Hydeville church, Rev. G. M. Dexter, pastor, on confessions of faith.

Rev. Chas. W. Hill of Park City, Utah, has accepted the call from the First church in San Jose, and expects to begin his labors on the first Sabbath in July.

We regret to learn that the Rev. A. B. Palmer of Reno has been obliged, through failing health to think of resigning his pastorate with our church there. Anticipating this, he has secured the services of Rev. G. M. Spencer of Emmetsburg, Ia., to succeed him. Mr. Palmer's relationships with the Reno people have been, and are, of the most pleasant character and it is cause of mutual regret that he must seek a much-needed rest.

The commencement exercises of the Pacific University at Forest Grove will be held June 1-4. Rev. P. S. Knight of Salem will preach the Baccalaureate and University sermon on Sunday, June 1st. The other exercises will take place on the following days: On Monday, June 2d, Hon. W. Cary Johnson, Oregon City, will deliver the address before the Gamma Sigma Society. On Tuesday will be rhetorical exercises. Wednesday, Commencement exercises and an address by S. B. Pettengill, Portland, followed by the Alumni dinner; and at 6 p. m., will be the dedication of the new Ladies' Hall. Address by Miss Helen F. Spalding, Portland. At 8 p. m., the University reception at President Ellis' residence.

The finishing touches are being put on the new church in Berkeley this week. The formal dedication of the building will be postponed until later in the season, but it is proposed to open the church next Sunday evening for a praise-service, and public services will be in it thereafter.

Rev. E. F. Dinsmore was at Petaluma last Sabbath.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. Q. Adams, the new pastor of Westminster church, in this city, has preached an admirable sermon on some of the "Duties of Church Membership."—The Fresno church has thirty members.—Rev. John Sessions, formerly of Oakland, died recently in Honolulu, but was brought to Oakland for burial.

METHODIST.—We are glad to report that Rev. Dr. Cray has been re-elected editor of the *California Christian Advocate*.—The San Ramon folks thought their pastor, Rev. J. H. Bacon, needed a buggy. They have given him a purse of \$80. He has the buggy.

METHODIST SOUTH.—The Shasta District Conference met recently at Red Bluff, and had an interesting session. The reports generally were encouraging and hopeful.—At Gilroy seven have professed conversion.—The new chapel in San Diego has been dedicated.

TEMPERANCE.

Mrs. Foster will be at the sessions of the Southern California W. C. T. U. and Northern California W. C. T. U.—an all-day conference at the First Congregational church, Clay and Thirteenth streets, Oakland. June 1st, Sunday morning, she will speak in San Francisco at the Methodist church on Howard street (Rev. Dr. Jewell's). In the evening she will speak at the Baptist church on Eddy street, between Jones and Leavenworth (Rev. Mr. Kincaid's).

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The *Morning Star*, missionary vessel, is overdue, but as yet not sufficiently so to cause anxiety.

Dr. McLean of Oakland, has made a "flying trip" to our little kingdom, "doing" Maui and Haleakala, the largest extinct crater in the world, and Hawaii and Kilauea, the largest living crater in the world, besides preaching three times, once on Maui, once at Hilo, and once in Port-street church, all in a little more than three weeks. No wonder the First church of Oakland prospers with such a pushing man at the head of it. Dr. McLean has delighted many old friends, and made many new ones by this brief visit.

Pastor Cruzan and his wife go to Waialua, Oahu, this week for a brief rest, both of them being over-worked and badly in need of a respite.

Report of Council.

An ecclesiastical council, called to consider the action of the First Congregational church in Alameda in accepting the resignation of its pastor, Rev. George Morris, met at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, last Monday. The proceedings on the part both of church and pastor were found to be orderly, and the relation was recognized as dissolved. Rev. Drs. McLean and Benton and Rev. W. C. Pond, appointed to formulate and to issue, in the name of the council, the result of its action, avail themselves of the following resolutions, passed by the church and read to the council, as admirably expressing the appreciation in which Brother Morris is held by all the churches:

WHEREAS, Rev. George Morris, one of the organizing members and first pastor of our church, has resigned his pastorate of five and one-half years of pioneer labor for the purpose of entering more fully upon the work of temperance and prohibition, and we have accepted his resignation; therefore,

Resolved, That by his resignation our Church has lost a pastor of undoubted Christian character, faithful, painstaking, conscientious and self-sacrificing.

Resolved, That we commend Brother Morris as an energetic, faithful, consistent Christian worker, unwavering in his adherence to the principles of right, truth and morality.

Resolved, That in his efforts, united with others, to prohibit the crime of crimes—the liquor traffic—he has our indorsement and promised support.

Resolved, That we rejoice in view of the fact that Brother Morris and his family will continue to maintain their relation with us as fellow-members of our church.

Resolved, That our prayer is that heaven's best blessing may rest upon him and

his family, both spiritually and temporally; that all their efforts to be useful in the vineyard of our Lord and Master may be crowned with success, and that in his future ministerial and pastoral work, as well as in the special field of labor upon which he is now entering, many may be brought to the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind.

[Signed.] T. L. HERLIHY,
JAMES E. AGER,
MRS. L. H. HUBBARD,
Committee of Church.

Obituary.

On the 15th of this month Mrs. Anne Holywood McDonald, an estimable member of the Congregational church at South Vallejo, fell asleep in Jesus.

She was born at Leisburn, Ireland, in 1816, and emigrated with Dr. McDonald, her husband, to Canada, in 1878. He was sent out as a surgeon by the British Government, and they were living in ease and affluence. She was generally called Lady McDonald while living in London, Canada. After the death of the Doctor Mrs. McDonald moved, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, to South Vallejo, in 1874. She was raised an Episcopalian, but joined our church here eight years ago, and lived a devoted Christian life. She was greatly respected by all who knew her. Like Dorcas, she was full of good deeds, and was always ready to administer to the sick and soothe the suffering of humanity, always bringing a word of cheer and comfort. Mrs. Deacon H. A. Wells called on her a day or two before she died, and asked her if she wanted to go home to Jesus. She looked up with such heavenly expressions, and answered, "Yes, I want to go home to Jesus to rest," and immediately a halo of glory illumined her countenance, which Sister Wells says she will never forget. She was buried Saturday. A sermon was preached at the church from the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The text applied in all its fullness to this mother in Israel. I shall miss her sweet countenance in the pew, and the tear in her eye while listening to gospel truth. But our loss was to her a gain. She is now in the thick ranks of the redeemed, always beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him. They were anointed by the Spirit, and the fragrance of heaven seems to follow their sweet memories.

J. A. JONES.

South Vallejo, May 20, 1884.

Decoration Day.

Above the dear, brave hearts that cease to beat
Let loving hands strew flowers on every mound
Within the lines of the still camping-ground,
Where there is no assault and no retreat,
And victory is not followed by defeat.
Unbroken rest and peace at last are found.
No clash of swords, no trumpet's thrilling sound,
Nor roar of guns, disturb their slumbers sweet.
Their deeds are writ on mem'ry's sacred scroll.
And patriot love shall touch these hearts of ours,
When, at their graves, fame comes to call the roll.
And hope and love and honor scatter flowers.
Brave souls survive the storms of shot and flame;
Their furlough blossoms in eternal fame.

—Independent.

The concert given by the Handel and Haydn Society, in Saratoga Hall, May 23d, under the leadership of Professor A. C. Eimer, was listened to by a crowded house and was a very creditable affair to the Society and the city. We are glad to know that this old organization is so well sustained.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES OUT OF SIGHT.—Southey says in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I made the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others." Don't forget that, reader.—*Helping Hand.*

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"Traps for the Young."

BY ANTHONY COMSTOCK, Secretary N. Y. Society for the Suppression of Vice.

This fearless and judicious exposure of the terrible evils inflicted on the family and on society by the blighting influence of bad literature, etc., is receiving the hearty endorsement and God-speed of leading ministers and business men in the East.

The revelation of facts, so numerous and so startling, and the array of statistics of crime and ruin, so revolting and so overwhelming in extent and character, have not only greatly surprised multitudes, but have awakened a feeling of indignation, deep and wide-spread, which must result, sooner or later, in active measures, both moral and legal, for the suppression of the prolific agencies that are producing all this misery and crime.

The facts here given may be relied upon; they are written by one who does not give them second-hand.

To overcome for the first step is to understand its strength and find out where and how it is entrenched. "Traps for the Young" gives us this needed information about many of the foes lying in wait for the destruction of our boys and girls.

Every Clergyman and every Teacher in our Sabbath and Day Schools, and every Parent in the land, should have a copy of this book. One Volume, 12mo., cloth, \$1.25 postpaid. Address C. B. BEXTER, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 1505 Buchanan St., San Francisco.

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Children's Corner.

A Little Girl's Speech.

Who'll make the brandy peaches,
Or brandy flavored pie,
And help the liquor traffic?
Surely not I, not I!

Who wants, in time of sickness,
A little ale to try,
Or beer or wine to poison
And make her worse? Not I!

Who likes a boy that tipsles
A little on the sly?
Or smokes cigars in private?
Not I, surely not I!

And when we girls are women
(We shall be by-and-by),
Who'll have a drinking husband?
Some silly girl, not I.

Joe Strong's First Smoke.

(Concluded.)

But a few minutes passed before the doctor arrived, during which time the parents learned but little from Joe about his sickness. As to the real cause they had no suspicion whatever, but greatly feared it had been produced by something poisonous he had eaten. But when the physician saw him, and the parents repeated what Joe had told of his sickness, he asked if he might be left alone with the boy a few minutes. When they were left together he said, "Joe, haven't you been smoking some tobacco?"

"I—I smoked a little," stammered Joe.

"Was it your first trial?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said Joe.

"Oh, doctor," he continued, "don't let father and mother know it, and I will never smoke another cigar so long as I live."

But the old doctor knew well the harm that is done to boys by indulging in the practice of smoking, and he felt that it would be both an injury to Joe and an injustice to his parents to keep the matter to himself, so he said, "No, Joe, that would not be right. Your parents are much alarmed about you, and I would not be doing my duty as a physician to deceive them about your condition. And, besides, if you have done this act in violation of their wishes, it is nothing more than right for them to know it. Were you my son, and gave evidence of such weakness of character as to yield to such temptations while so young, I would be very glad to know it; for when a boy is not able to resist such evil he is much in need of some one to look out for him. But I must give you some medicine now, for I want your stomach rid of the effects of that tobacco as soon as possible."

Joe still clung to the hope that he could persuade the doctor to keep the fact from his parents, so he pleaded earnestly with him, making promises for the future, assuring him that it would be a great kindness to him, and reminding him of the pain it would cause his mother to know it. But the doctor was inexorable, and all hope died out of Joe's heart as he said, sternly:

"I would not be doing you a kindness, Joe, to keep this from your parents. It is very plain from this action of yours that you need help in strengthening your character, and there is no one who will or can do so much to help you as they. And as to the pain your mother will suffer, the time when you should have thought of that was before you yielded to the temptation to smoke."

The doctor then opened the door, and after the parents entered, he said, "I think you need not be greatly alarmed about Joe. I have just given him an emetic, and when his stomach has been relieved he will feel better. Joe has been indulging in a smoke this afternoon, and that is what has caused his sickness. But I guess his experience has been such a tough one he will not care to repeat it."

It would be hard to tell how surprised Joe's parents were at this news, but the mother's "Oh, Joe, I would not have believed it of you," was all that was said. But Joe would far sooner have been censured in the severest terms than to have seen the grave, stern look on his father's face, and the griefed expression his mother's wore.

On account of Joe's sickness the party was broken up. None of the guests, and not even his sister, suspected the cause of his illness. The parents and the doctor agreed that the cause would be preserved as a secret between them. It was decided by the parents that nothing should be said to Joe that night about the party, and that everything should be left as it was that he might witness the labor that had been done for his sake, and see for himself what pleasure he had forfeited by yielding to such weakness in his character. They wisely concurred, too, that not a word of censure or reproof would they give him. They knew that his mortification was deep, and they felt that the best course to take was to leave him quiet and alone with his thoughts.

Never before had Joe experienced so trying an ordeal as on the following morning when he was compelled to meet his parents face to face. He knew well their opposition to smoking, and while no promise had ever been exacted from him not to smoke, he knew from their actions that they had the greatest confidence that he would refrain from such habits. And now to feel that confidence was removed, that his mother, for whom he had so strong an affection, should regard him as weak and unreliable, was a thought almost unendurable to him.

As Joe left his room, on his way to breakfast, he was greatly surprised at the appearance of the house. There were wreaths and arches of evergreens and flowers in great profusion. But his surprise was increased ten fold as he opened the door of the dining-room and beheld the scene before him. The table, so beautifully arranged, had been left just as it was the night before. He stood a moment as if entranced, when the door suddenly opened and his sister Kate burst in, saying:

"Oh, Joe, I am so glad to see you up. How do you feel?" And without waiting for a reply she continued, "Mother would not let me see you last night to tell you all about it, and how disappointed the boys and girls were. But, Joe, wasn't it too bad that you should be taken so sick just at this time?"

Joe's curiosity was greatly excited, so he said, "Why, Kate, what does it all mean? What is all this fixing up for?"

"Why it was a birthday surprise party father and mother intended to give you. The boys and girls were all here to receive you, but father told them that you had been taken so sick that the party could not continue. Oh, dear, dear, I never was so disappointed in my life. But how did you say you are feeling, Joe?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Joe, dryly.

It would be impossible to describe Joe's feelings when Kate imparted this information to him. As great as had been his mortification, he felt now that it had increased until the feeling was so unbearable it would be impossible for him to meet his parents. So, after requesting Kate to see that no one called him to breakfast he returned to his room, and throwing himself on his bed gave vent to his feelings in a burst of tears.

For several hours he was left undisturbed, and when he finally left his room, although feeling far more humble and less like a man than when smoking his cigar, there was more true manliness in him than there had ever been before. For Joe's conscience had been at work. His act of the day before had been viewed in just the right light, and he nobly resolved to profit by the lesson and also to make what reparation he could to his parents. So, proceeding directly to his mother, whom he found alone, he said, "Mother, I feel that by my actions of yesterday I have lost the confidence that you and father have had in me. It makes me so unhappy that I can bear it no longer. If you will only forget that weak act of mine, I will prove to you that I have more strength of character than you now think I possess. I confess I have had a great weakness in regard to smoking. It always seemed such a manly practice to me, but I think I can safely say that my first smoke shall be my last."

As Mrs. Strong looked into Joe's face, so earnest in its expression, she knew he meant all he had said, and laying her arms around his neck, said, "I can't tell you how glad I am, Joe, that you have manliness enough to make this confession. I have been deeply grieved at this show of weakness on your part. I could not but fear that if you yielded to temptations while so young, the same weakness would lead you into other evil habits as you grew older, and might eventually end in ruining both your health and character. It is our strong love for you, Joe, that makes us so solicitous for your future. We would have you abstain from every habit that would prove injurious to you in after years."

"I was never more convinced of yours and father's love than I have been today, mother. That is one thing that caused me to view my actions in the light I do. I could not help thinking how truly ungrateful I have shown myself to be. While you were working for my happiness and doing all in your power to show your love for me I was doing the very thing that I knew would give you pain. And while I forfeited and lost the great pleasure you had intended for me, I feel that the loss was nothing less than I deserve."

A few days later Joe received a pamphlet written by an eminent physician, containing some well-authenticated facts in regard to tobacco. He had no clue as to the sender, but strongly suspected it to be the kind-hearted old doctor. There were marked passages in the pamphlet which Joe read with the deepest interest, and which greatly added to the feeling of disgust which he had formed for the poisonous weed, and helped him in faithfully keeping his promise through all the years of his life.

We will quote a few paragraphs from Joe's pamphlet, hoping that they may be of some benefit to other boys who have a foolish admiration for the practice of smoking:

"Chemists, botanists and physicians unite in pronouncing tobacco to be one of the most deadly poisons known. No other poison, with the exception of prussic acid, will cause death so quickly, only three or four minutes being required for a fatal dose to produce its full effect. 'The poison contained in a single pound of tobacco is sufficient to kill three hundred men if taken in such a way as to secure its full effect. A single cigar contains poison enough to extinguish two human lives if taken at once.'"

"The fact is established beyond the possibility of successful controversy, that tobacco is a poison, deadly in large doses, pernicious and harmful in all doses. It taints the breath, ruins the digestion, obliterates taste and smell, spoils the blood, oppresses the brain, depresses the heart, irritates the nerves, wastes the muscles, obstructs the liver, dims the vision, stains the skin, and deteriorates and contaminates every organ and tissue with which it comes in contact in the body. Its influence is to lessen vitality, to numb the sensibilities, to shorten life, to kill—Christian at Work."

TARTS.—Mix graham flour plentifully with grated coconut; pour into the mixture ice-water enough to make a stiff dough; knead it hard; roll very thin and cut into round cakes two or three inches in diameter; cut out the center of a part of them, leaving a narrow rim; put three layers of these rims on one center or round piece, wetting them so as to make them unite; prick the center with a fork and bake in a quick oven, yet not so as to brown them. They should be crisp and tender when done. When wanted for use they have only to be stewed with some kind of fruit sauce, as filled English currants, pineapple, marmalade, etc.

The First Ice-Palace.

BUILT BY THE EMPRESS ANNA IVANOVNA, ON THE NEVA, 1739.

In the construction of this work the simplest means were used. First the purest and most transparent ice was selected. This was cut into large blocks, and squared with rule and compass, and carved with all the architectural embellishments. No cement was used. Each block when ready was raised to its destined place by cranes and pulleys, and just before it was let down upon the block which was to support it, water was poured between the two; the upper block was immediately lowered, and as the water froze almost instantly in that intensely cold climate, the two blocks became literally one. In fact, the whole building appeared, and really was a single mass of ice. The effect it produced must have been infinitely more beautiful than if it had been of the most costly marble—its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the appearance of a precious stone.

In dimensions, the structure was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide, twenty-one feet high, and with walls three feet in thickness. At each corner of the palace was a pyramid of the same height as the roof, of course built of ice, and around the whole was a low palisade of the same material. The actual length of the front view including the pyramids, was 114 feet.

The palace was built in the usual style of Russian architecture. The facade was plain, being merely divided into compartments by pilasters. There was a window in each division, which was painted in imitation of green marble. The window-panes were formed of slabs of ice, as transparent and smooth as sheets of plate-glass. At night, when the palace was lighted, the windows were curtained by canvas screens, on which grotesque figures were painted. Owing to the transparency of the whole material, the general effect of the illumination must have been fine, the whole palace seemingly being filled with a delicate pearly light. The central division projected, and appeared to be a door, but was in fact, a large window, and was illuminated like the others. Surmounting the facade of the building was an ornamental balustrade, and at each end of the sloping roof was a huge chimney. The entrance was at the rear. At each side of the door stood an ice-imitation of orange-trees, in leaf and flower, with ice-birds perched on the branches.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Safe Rule.

Clinton Mills went into his mother's room with a light heart and a bright face. "Mother," he said, "is it not a splendid day for a drive?" I am going to tell John to get out my pony, and then I am going to take my run down to the beach. It will be great fun."

Mrs. Mills dearly loved her merry boy, and could not bear to say anything to mar his joy; yet she answered in a very different way from what he expected:

"Have you learned your lesson, Clinton?"

"Oh! no; I forgot," said Clinton. "But what if I do not learn that stupid lesson just for once?"

"Your teacher complained of you yesterday, Clinton."

"Well, what if he did," said Clinton, hastily. "This charming weather is too tempting. I cannot stay in the house and fix my mind upon my book."

"But it was just the same in the winter."

"I know it. But then there was the coasting and the skating; I could not resist them. It is no great matter if I do not get on very fast in my studies; my father is rich, and I have plenty of time to go to school."

"And so, because your father is rich you choose to be an idle, ignorant, useless man," said his mother, sadly. Clinton looked both grieved and vexed.

"Why, mother," he said, "how you do talk to me! You know that I do not choose to be such a man as that; I mean to be like my father, and to have every one respect me."

"Then you must begin to form such a character now," said his mother. "When your father was a boy he made this maxim a rule of his life: 'Duty before pleasure.' And however rich you may be you will never succeed in any useful pursuit unless you do the same thing. A baby cannot learn to walk unless he uses his limbs, and a boy cannot grow wise unless he uses his mind."

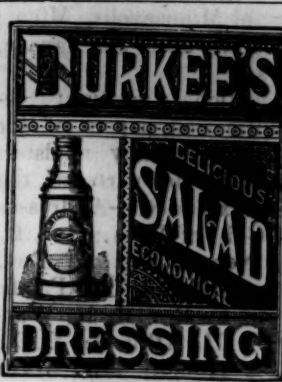
Clinton was a lad of sense; he saw that his mother was right. He took his book, threw himself face downward upon the carpet, and so applied himself to his task that he soon sprang to his feet, crying out:

"I know it now, every word of it."

"And there is plenty of time left for your drive," responded his mother, as joyfully. "You can now take your pleasure with clear conscience."—*Mrs. Sawyer.*

WHY NOT ENGLISH.—Certain of our colleges make a parade of their learning by publishing their catalogues and official circulars in Latin. The graduates of Harvard in New York city have petitioned the college authorities to use English hereafter. In the Commencement programme and the quinquennial catalogue, the names of the graduates now appear, as it were, in disguise and are often unintelligible except to good Latin scholars. There was a time when Latin was the language of the learned world, and that was not many years ago. But we had no modern literature until Latin was discarded and our best writers and thinkers made use of the language of every-day life.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Every one is adapted to some special work, but not every one finds the particular field in which he is to labor.



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ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1878.

Notes, secured by mortgages worth \$1,462,735 68

Notes, Personal securities 99,208 60

Bonds 99,208 60

Real estate 68,828 89

Cash on hand 67,517 31

Due from Banks 67,814 00

Miscellaneous 1,704 34

Due Depositors, Dec. 31st, 1878. \$1,772,991 88

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ESTABLISHED 1856.

Miscellany.

My Prayer.

If, when I kneel to pray
With eager lips, I say:
"Lord, give me all the things I desire,
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart,
Religious fire,
The power to sway my fellow-men at will,
And strength for mighty works to banish
ill!"

In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.

Or if I only dare
To raise this fainting prayer:
"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and
weak,
And cannot tell what things I ought to seek;
I, therefore, do not ask at all, but still,
I trust thy bounty all my wants to fill."
My lips shall thus grow dumb,
The blessing shall not come.

And if I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray thee give
to me
Not what I would, but what seems best to
thee,
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength;
Until to thy full joy I come at length!"
My prayer shall then avail;
The blessing shall not fail.

—RICHARDSON.

A Good Word for Snakes.

Almost all persons dislike snakes, and
sometimes ask what they are good for.
C. C. Hooley, in a very interesting work
on these animals, says: "That they are
not without a use, will, I hope, appear
in the course of this work, were it neces-
sary to preach that all things have their
use. But in one habit that offended
Lord Bacon, namely, 'of going on their
belly,' lies one of their greatest uses,
because that, together with their internal
formation and external covering, enables
them to penetrate where no larger car-
nivorous animal could venture, into dark
and noisome morasses, bog jungles,
swamps, amid the tangled vegetation of
the tropics, where swarms of the lesser
reptiles, on which so many of them feed,
would otherwise outbalance the harmony
of nature, die and produce pestilence.
Wonderfully and exquisitely constructed
for their habitat, they are able to exist
where the higher animals could not; and
while they help to clear those inaccessible
places of the lesser vermin, they
themselves supply food for a number of
the smaller mammalia, which, with many
carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers
of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel,
ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger,
hog, goat, and an immense number of
birds, keep snakes within due limits,
while the latter perform their part among
the grain-devouring and herbivorous les-
ser creatures. Thus beautifully is the
balance of nature maintained." But I
can tell my boy and girl readers of a
good use made of one snake. The *Com-
panion* tells the story as follows:

Mamma had the headache one after-
noon, and she was tired; just the way
our mammams are sometimes, you know.
She had been lying on a sofa trying to
sleep, but at last, when Robbie dropped
the box of marbles on the floor with a
thud, she sat up, frowning dreadfully,
and said: "Now, children, you must
not make a noise in here any longer; I
cannot stand it. Get on your things and
go play in the yard, and don't come in
again until I call you." Then she put
some more camphor out of the pretty
toilet-bottle on her bandaged forehead,
and sank back again on the sofa. "May
we go in the pasture?" piped little Peep-
sy. "Cause there's grasshoppers there
and poppies and butterflies and a toad to
play with." "Yes, yes," moaned the
poor mamma, with her eyes closed; "any-
where; but let me sleep." "Oh! oh!
she said anywhere; we could go any-
where!" exclaimed big-eyed Robbie,
when they had gone out and shut the
door. "Anywhere means all over the
big, big world," spreading out his short,
fat arms. "Let's go to the redwood
trees and get some gum." "Oh, but
mamma has never let us go so far as
that," said Peepsey. "Never alone."
"She said anywhere when she was asleep;
she don't care when she's asleep," per-
sisted Robbie; "and I want some gum."

The children liked to take their little
tin cups and fill them with the lumps of
gum that oozed out of the trunks of the
trees. What they did with the gum I
do not know, for their mamma would not
allow them to chew it. They climbed
the fence into the pasture, and then the
fence out of the pasture, and went
through two long fields besides, and then
they were among the tall redwood trees
that reached way up into the sky. But
they did not get any gum after all, for it
was so still here that little Peepsey was
afraid of "something," she was not sure
just what. She thought "there might be
beasts there," she told Robbie, in a
whisper. But Robbie was a boy; and you
know how provoking boys are some-
times. So he laughed as loud as he
could laugh. The noise frightened a
poor little rabbit that lived near where
Robbie and Peepsey were standing. He
sprang up so suddenly, almost from under
Peepsey's feet, that she was
frightened as much as the rabbit, and
started on a run toward home. Robbie
followed after a little, for he was afraid,
too, when left all alone. He did not tell
this to Peepsey, though, but when he had
caught up with her he said: "You're
just a silly, silly girl, Peepsey, to be afraid
of nothing." And Peepsey felt that
Robbie was very brave, indeed. But
when they were back again in the pasture
something happened that was really dan-
gerous, though neither of these children
thought of being afraid at the time.
They sat down in the grass, for they were
tired, and Peepsey began making little
dolls out of the poppies; and Rob practi-
cally throwing stones. Suddenly they
heard a "rattle, rattle, rattle," in the
grass behind the bush that Rob was
throwing at. Rob went and looked, and
if there wasn't a great snake! Now, I
should have run then; wouldn't you?

But, strange to say, neither Peepsey nor
Rob were at all frightened.

They thought it was only a water-
snake from the creek near by; and their
mamma often told them that water-
snakes were harmless. So Peepsey kept
on making poppy dolls and Rob threw
stones at the snake—which was much
nicer, he thought, than throwing at a
bush. "Hear him jingle his tail when I
hit him!" said Rob. "He's a lazy old
fellow; he don't run, no matter how
much I whack him." Rob "whacked"
it so much, and the snake "jingled" so
loud, that another snake came to see
what was the matter. And at the same
time the mamma came out to the fence
to call the children—and there they were
amusing themselves with two rattle-
snakes. She could hear the snakes
"hiss" and rattle their tails. The mam-
ma screamed and she just flew over that
fence, and grabbed Peepsey with one hand
and Robbie with the other and flew back
again. John Chinaman, the cook, whose
real name was Sin Chung Lung, came
out to see what was the matter, and
when he saw he rushed for an ax and
killed the first snake, but the other ran
away. They found that the snake had
swallowed a young rabbit, and this made
it so heavy and sleepy that it could not
spring at the children and bite them.
When they were all in the house once
more the mamma stopped hugging Peep-
sy and Robbie for a minute to say: "I
had a dreadful headache a few minutes
ago, when I went out to call the children,
and now it does not ache one bit. Those
horrid snakes must have cured it!"
—Christian at Work.

A Louisville woman advertises to fur-
nish "essays and vaudeville for gradu-
ates."

Mr. Staples, a wealthy citizen of West-
port, Conn., has given that town a \$50,-
000 free-school building.

Cincinnati, with its population of 280,-
000, has less than 14,000 members of
evangelical churches.

An organized effort has been inaugu-
rated in Chicago, under the leadership of
Gen. S. L. Brown, with a committee of

A prize of \$2000 has been offered by
the Italian Government for the most
practical process for the transmission of
electrical energy.

There are now 126,348 pupils in attend-
ance on the schools for girls in India.
Only a few years ago no woman was al-
lowed to learn to read.

There seems to be room for a few girls
in Illinois. According to the report of
the Superintendent of Schools there ap-
pears to be a superfluity of about 19,000
boys under 21 years of age.

Glass is becoming fashionable as a pro-
tection to oil paintings, and as a safeguard
against moths and damp the backs of
valuable pictures are covered with rub-
ber cloth.

The Methodist Church Extension
Board has received \$2,500,000 in its
twenty years' history, with which it has
built 4,500 houses of worship, with 1,-
000,000 sittings, that are now worth \$8,-
000,000.

The number of students at Emory and
Henry College this year has reached 150.
This is an increase of over one hundred
per cent. in three years, and is very
gratifying to the many friends of this no-
ble old college.

An old Swiss Christian, named Pointer,
has for many years gone through France,
selling and giving away Bibles and Tes-
taments. In 1883 he sold 7,713 New
Testaments, 78 Bibles, 17,355 illustrated
sheets, and gave away 48,000 single
gospels.

More than half of the seventy seats in
the gallery overlooking the platform in
the hall where the Northern Methodist
General Conference is being held, have
been sold for \$50 each. The proceeds
will be devoted to the general expenses
of the Conference.

The Presbytery of St. Louis has sent
up an overture to the General Assembly,
asking for the submission of an amend-
ment to the constitution, by which the
commissioners to the Assembly shall be
elected by the synod. Other presbyter-
ies have made suggestions which look
in the same direction.

ministers from all the Evangelical
Churches, "to place the Bible as a text-
book in the possession of each member of
the Sunday-school." The parties seem
to be of the opinion that the International
Sunday-school lessons have, to some ex-
tent, interfered with a proper study of
the Bible.

The best way to ascertain whether
flour has been made from sprouted wheat
is to stir a sample up with water, filter
and test with coralline solution, rendered
red with a trace of alkali. If the flour is
acid it turns yellow. Methyl orange can
be used. Litmus is less delicate in ob-
taining the reaction.

Dr. Koller, in *Central Blatt fur Tex-
til Industrie*, draws attention to the fact
that if silk tissues are impregnated with
chromate of copper, and then exposed to
direct sunshine, various shades of brown
may be obtained and the silks are ren-
dered water-proof. This peculiarity of
the chrome salts, especially of the chro-
mates of copper and mercury, was pub-
lished in the report of the Cork meeting
of the British Association in 1843.

Compulsory education in London ap-
pears to work much hardship to the poor.
Cases are frequent in which boys and
girls whose earnings are indispensable to
the support of their families, are com-
pelled to give up their employment, or,
at the best, work half-time, in order to
attend school. The School Boards have
little option in the matter, and allowing
half-time is the best they can do. Con-
sequently many struggling and deserving
families have been forced into really
desperate straits by the action of the
law, while those alone who continue to
evade it are the vicious and the idle
classes.

Culled.

Of all the anguish in the world, there
is nothing like this—the sense of God
without the sense of nearness to Him.—
Elizabeth Prentiss.

It is good for us to keep some account
of our prayers, that we may not unsay
in our practices anything that we said
in our prayers.—*Henry.*

The body of our prayer is the sum of
our duty; and as we must ask of God
whatsoever we need, so we must watch
and labor for that we ask.—*Jeremy Tay-
lor.*

Adolphe Monod has well said that con-
secration is not something done once for
all, but is a maintained habit of the soul.
A consecrated day is a framework ready
prepared, in which God alone has to act
in us and through us.

A man's life does not consist in what
he has, but in what he is, his capability
of enjoyment, and in what he does to
increase the enjoyment of others. The
superabundance is absolutely useless.
He cannot manage it.

This white devil, which urges men to
commit spiritual sins, to sell them for
righteousness, is far more dangerous than
the black devil, which only tempts them
to commit fleshly sins, which the world
acknowledges to be sins.—*Martin Luth-
er.*

Napoleon, when in exile at St. Helena,
said something to this effect: "When
I was present with my soldiers, I could
do anything with them; when absent—
nothing. Jesus Christ has power with
his followers, even though absent; from
this I infer his divinity."

The bastinado is the common form of
punishment in Syria, and it is used with
severity by the native teachers. A vis-
itor of one of these schools was invited
to hear the boys recite, after which the
teacher offered to whip the school, from
the largest to the smallest, to show how
well he could govern.

There are but three sorts of persons:
those who serve God, having found him;
those who employ themselves in seeking
him, not having found him; and those
who live without seeking him or having
found him. The first are reasonable and
happy; the last are mad and miserable;
the intermediate are miserable and rea-
sonable.—*Pascal.*

An Italian Protestant woman was once
asked to prove that the Bible was the
Word of God. She was confused; she
could not answer. Suddenly she asked
her questioner, "How do you know there
is a sun in the sky?" "I feel its warmth
and see its light." "Just so," answered
the woman joyfully; "the Bible lightens
and warms my soul."

The site of the famous Black Hole of
Calcutta, which was lately discovered,
has been filled up and paved over, and a
tablet of white marble, with a suitable
inscription, is to be placed near the spot.
It was in that foul apartment, twenty
feet square, that the English garrison,
146 in number, captured by the nabob
Suraja Dowlah, were confined, June 18,
1756, when only twenty-three ghastly
sufferers survived the night.

It is remarkable that the Holy Spirit
has given us very few death-bed scenes
in the Book of God. We have very
few in the Old Testament, and still fewer
in the New. I take it that the reason
may be, because the Holy Ghost
would have us take more account of how
to live than how to die, for life is the
main business. He who learns to die
daily while he lives, will find no diffi-
culty to breathe out his soul for the last
time into the hands of his faithful Creator.
—*Spurgeon.*

The saloon-keepers claim Sunday as
their best business day.—The W. C. T. U.
is fostering kindergartens, kitchen
gardens, industrial schools, flower mis-
sions, and calling for prize essays on to-
bacco and alcohol. Success to these ho-
ly women of God!—Beef tea is becoming
a fashionable drink in liquor saloons.
Amel! if it only takes the place of the
liquor!—Drunk women commence tip-
pling at home from the grocery supplies.
Look out for the brandy that is ordered
for the mince pies, and for illness, that
makes a mistake and goes too often down
your wife's throat.

In promise, Israel had the whole of
Palestine; in possession, only the hill
country and the tracts about Jordan and
the lakes. In the fat lands of the coast,
the champion of the south, the plains
of Sharon, and the reaches of good soil
near Tyre, the Philistines held posses-
sion to the last. To dislodge them re-
quired a devotion, an intensity, and a
perseverance, to which the children of Is-
rael never rose. How many fail for the
same reason, to come into the richness of
our spiritual Canaan! Rather than con-
tent with the spiritual Philistines, they
settle in the hill country and live in a
meagre way.

Bulwer's Literary Facility.

It is on record that Bulwer wrote his
Harold in less than a month, resting not
at all by day, and scarcely by night. In
a private letter Lord Lytton says: "The
novel of *Harold* was written in rather
less than four weeks. I can personally
attest to this fact, as I was with my
father when he wrote it—on a visit to his
friend, the late Tennyson D'Eyncourt.
D'Eyncourt was a great collector of Nor-
man and Anglo-Saxon chronicles, with
which his library was well stored. The
notes of research for *Harold* fill several
thick commonplace books. * * * While
my father was writing *Harold* I do not
think he put down his pen except for
meals, and half an hour's run before din-
ner round the terrace. He was at work
the greater part of every night, and
again early in the mornings."

It is an interesting fact in regard to
Mr. Tennyson's drama on the same sub-
ject—*with a dedication to the present
Lord Lytton in reconciliation of an old
literary feud with his father—that the*

first sketch of *Harold* took the form of a
drama, entitled *William the Norman*.
It was probably not written for publica-
tion, as the writer's way of composing
many of his prose romances was to sketch
them out first as dramas.

The Lady of Lyons was written in
ten days.

It was by no means uncommon with
him to have two books in hand at once,
and live alternate periods with the beings
of his creation, as though he were pass-
ing in society from one company to
another. Thus *Lucretia* and *The Car-
tons*, *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Paris-
ians*, were written simultaneously; and
this fact, now first told us, is an amusing
commentary on much criticism once more
freely lavished than now. For there
were those who had objected to the mor-
tality of the earlier works, among which
was certainly *Lucretia*. When *The Car-
tons* was published there was a chorus
of praise from the former detractors,
and congratulations on a supposed con-
version to better ways. But the Austin
Caxton and *Lucretia* were two types of
human nature which the author studied
and described, identifying himself with
neither; and indeed it is absurd to require
of a novelist what is not demanded of the
artist in any other branch. No one
affects to consider Shakespeare himself a
Titus Andronicus or a Macbeth, or deem
that the painter who depicts a murder is
himself ready for a like deed.—*Harper's
Magazine.*

Woman Suffrage.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1884.

My Dear Miss Anthony: Impaired
health for several weeks past prevented
my sending you earlier the note which I
had designed. I have felt for very many
years a deep interest in the question of
Woman Suffrage. While I may not al-
ways approve of the methods or steps
proposed by the organization, I am al-
ways ready to aid in trying to bring
about the desired result. Whatever may
be said of abstract right, or whatever may
be said of limitations or injuries, I have
for more than thirty years believed that
the great interests of morality impera-
tively require that the ballot should be
placed in the hands of woman. You
will doubtless have many obstacles placed
in your way; there will be many conflicts
to sustain; but I have no doubt that the
coming years will see the triumph of
your cause, and that our higher civiliza-
tion and morality will rejoice in the work
which enlightened woman will accom-
plish. Wishing you success,
Yours truly, M. SIMPSON.

The above clipping speaks for itself.

NEW YORK CITY: DEDICATION.—Dedi-
catory services were held on Sunday at
the new Park-avenue Methodist Episco-
pal church. The building is situated at
the corner of Fourth avenue and Eighty-
sixth street, and its solid gray stone ex-
terior is very imposing. The seating
capacity of the building is about one
thousand. The interior is tastefully fin-
ished in red cherry-wood, and the win-
dows are of blue stained glass. There
is a lecture-room, also, with a seating
capacity of five hundred. The total cost
of the church, including the lots and fur-
niture, has been \$153,500. The sale of
the old building and various contributions
reduced this indebtedness to \$98,000.
On Sunday morning \$35,000 was the
sum taken, and during the afternoon and
evening large amounts were contributed.
Rev. A. J. Palmer, in the afternoon,
gave a historical sketch, in the course of
which he said that one of the timbers of
the first Methodist church in this city,
built over a century ago in John street,
was placed beneath the pulpit where he
was standing. He thought the old beam
would be an inspiration to the next
generation of Methodist preachers.—*N. Y.
Observer.*

THE FIRST PRUSSIAN CORONATION.—
Sophia Charlotte died in 1703. The
kingdom was established in 1701; and it
is recorded as significant that the Elector
himself placed the crown on his head, as
if to convey the idea that he owed it only
to his own efforts, and not to any earthly
potentate. But he found it prudent first
to obtain the consent of the Emperor, for
which a long course of negotiations was
necessary; and Frederic had to pledge
support to the Austrian pretensions in
the war of the Spanish succession before
the imperial scruples were overcome.
The Pope protested, but to no effect.
The new king took his title from Prussia
instead of Brandenburg, because as
Duke of Prussia he was already indepen-
dent, while as Margrave of Branden-
burg he was a vassal of the Empire. It
is worthy of mention, too, that after this
first original coronation all of the suc-
ceeding kings dispensed with the cere-
mony, except the present king, William,
who in 1861 revived it.—*Herbert Tuttle
in Harper's Magazine.*

RESPECT THE BODY.—A writer in the
Health and Home has some sensible
ideas on the subject of bodily health.
He says: "Respect the body. Give it
what it requires and no more. Don't
pierce its ear or pinch its feet; don't roast
it by a hot fire all day and smother it
under heavy bed covering all night; don't
put it in a cold draught on slight occa-
sions, and don't nurse or pet it to death;
don't dose it with doctors' stuffs. Re-
spect the body; don't over-work, over-
rest, or over love it, and never debase
it, but be able to lay down when you are
done with it a well-worn, but not mis-
used thing. Meanwhile you'll find it a
most excellent thing to have—especially
in the country."

In Lowell, on the business streets, the
stores are arranged with some regard
to system, the object being to bring trades
that depend upon each other into conti-
guity, and this is most happily effected.
For instance, on one street a liquor store,
a coffin shop and a grave-stone manu-
factory all adjoin each other.

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